AUGUST. 1901.

THE ROYAL

4D.

No. 34. VOL. VI.—AUGUST, 1901.

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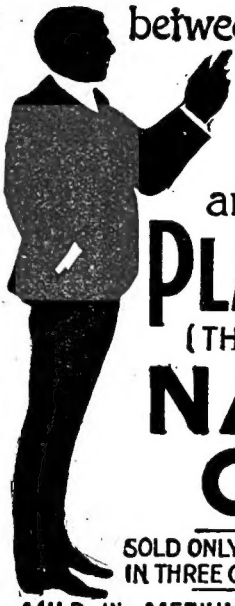

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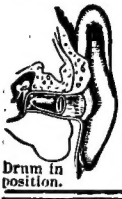

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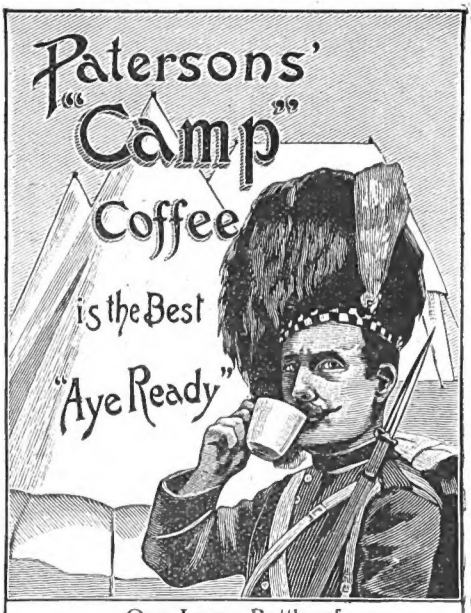

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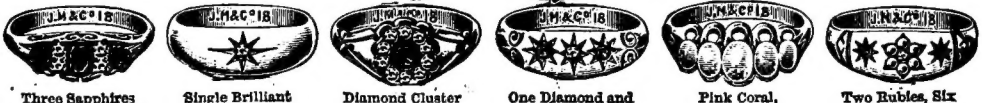

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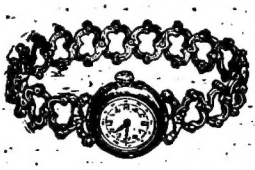

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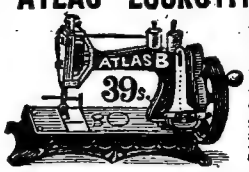

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R. M., August, 1901.

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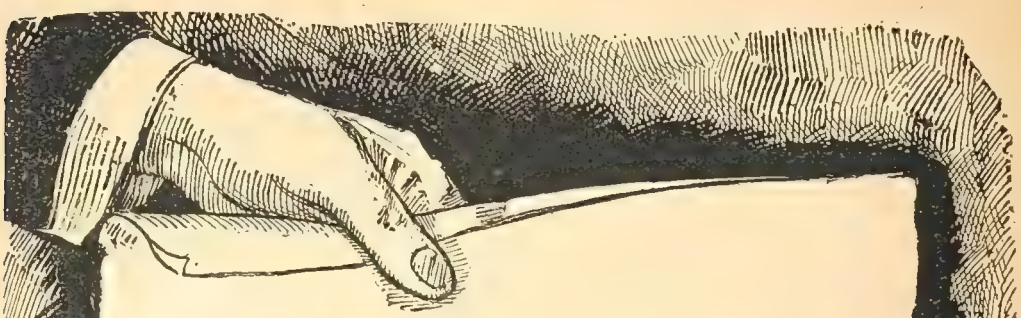

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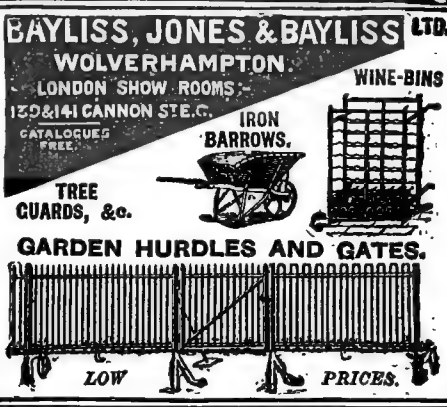

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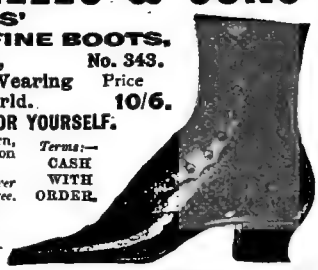

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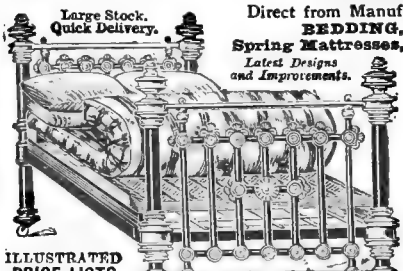

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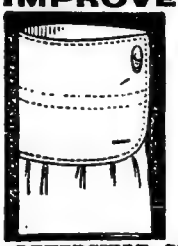

The reversible cuffs of these shirts enable them to be worn **twice**, and the wearer thus obtains practically two shirts for the price of one. A boon to all who appreciate snow-white wrist linen daily, and who object to the annoyance of detachable cuffs. Made in two qualities. In ordering please state size of collar.

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		PAGE
OUTSIDE COVER designed by S. Nation.		
MISS MARIE STUDHOLME... ... ...

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Photo, Ellis & Walery.

MARIE STUDHOLME.

Her beauty is undeniable; she says she is not clever, which is a little joke of hers (she is very fond of joking), and she smokes delicious Turkish cigarettes. "My recreations are Badminton, pul'ing up weeds, and picking caterpillars (when they are not large) off the rose bushes." "And when they are large?" "I call for assistance." Of all things in the world she dislikes cockroaches most, and should you ask her whom she loves best, she will answer you quite simply – "My mother."

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From the Stalls.

Photo, Ye Rose Studio.

ALICE NIELSEN.

Her father was a Danish artist, who at the time of the American Civil War enlisted in the Federal service, and was so badly wounded at the battle of Autietam that he died shortly afterwards. The mother, an Irishwoman, had to support the family—three daughters and a son—on a wretched pension allowed by the government. It was very necessary that the children should work for themselves, and Alice, the youngest, was one of the first off her mother's hands. Beginning as a concert singer, she has gradually worked her way to the top of the tree, and now there is no *prima donna* of comic opera so popular as this bright and pretty girl.

RUBY FORBES.

A young actress lately remarked: "Ability doesn't count for much on the stage to-day. You must have relations willing to back you up." Then Miss Ruby Forbes should, indeed, be in luck's way: she has no fewer than three aunts in good positions on the stage. That, together with her beauty—the hair that flows over her shoulders is the rarest of all colours: pure gold—should bring her fame. She is very young and very ambitious.

Photo, Bassano.

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Photo, Bassano.

LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

A most queenly woman: tall, elegant, and beautiful; slow of speech, languid and gracious in manner. She cheerfully acknowledged to being delightfully indolent. "And when I take my holidays, no sport for me, mountain-climbing, or shooting! To idle away the time in a sleepy country like Kent is perfect joy. I love vegetating." Her likes and dislikes are neither vehement nor excessive, except as regards Boer officials. "They are perfectly odious, you know. When I was in South Africa they searched me over and over again for arms." She doesn't know what type of man she especially admires, but appreciates the good qualities of all men—when they have any. She takes life easily—but reads Browning.

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Photo, W. & D. Downey.

EVA KELLY AND ROSE KERKER.

To listen to these sweet little Americans while they tell you all about themselves—what would you give for such an experience? And you would hear much to interest and charm you. That England is a delightful place to live in—much, much nicer than the States. That one feels "kind of home-sick" all the same. That American men are ideal, and Englishmen so formal, "don't you know."

That the river Thames is "just the loveliest place in the world." That the English musical conductors "haven't enough ginger"—and many other important little facts.

And if you should ask these girls whether they smoke, they will shake their heads vehemently—"Of course not! It's not at all ladylike!"

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Photo, Lallie Charles.

JESSIE BATEMAN.

To look at her you would never say that she was an "old stager" in the literal sense of the expression. Yet supposing her to be twenty-five—and really she cannot possibly be more—she has been fifteen years delighting the public. Her first appearance was in the character of a fairy in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and since then she has played in three continents. "I think the quaintest experience I ever had was in an out-of-the-way village in America. Our company was performing before a house which consisted of about a dozen farm-labourers. Stolidly they watched the play, and when the curtain went down on the final act, stuck obstinately to their seats. It dawned on us that they had not grasped the fact that the performance was over. So the stage-manager had to inform them each in turn. Silently they rose, silently they trudged out of the hall one by one. And Americans are usually so quick-witted!"

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Photo, W. & D. Downey.

MADGE LESSING.

When a photographer displays a photograph of Miss Lessing in his window, you will find quite a host of people lifting admiring eyes to the sweet face of the charming American girl. We have, to be sure, many beautiful women on our stage; but the English actress lacks a certain piquant charm which only French and American women possess. And Miss Lessing is eminently American. She is a hard worker, and in her free time is ready for anything: golf, tennis, cycling, riding, and quiet hours with a book of Stevenson. "England," she says, "is very nice, but not so nice as America—not by a long way!"

MARGARET SAYRE. . .

She is Edna May's understudy, and ridiculously resembles that wonderful girl. "I am nothing but a simple, artless Kentucky girl, and Kentucky girls are reckoned slow." Oh, but we beg to differ: Kentucky girls may be artless, simple also, but not slow—if Miss Sayre is to be held as typical of the breed. Search England, but you'll not find a livelier talker. She has much to say about London and the Britishers. "The latter are so polite, especially cabmen (!) and policemen. But I don't like your waiters. They always take their own sweet time, and are real stingy—especially with ice, giving you little bits at a time as if they were precious stones."

Miss Sayre is a wonderfully pretty blonde, and quite adorable when she smiles.

Photo, Bassano.

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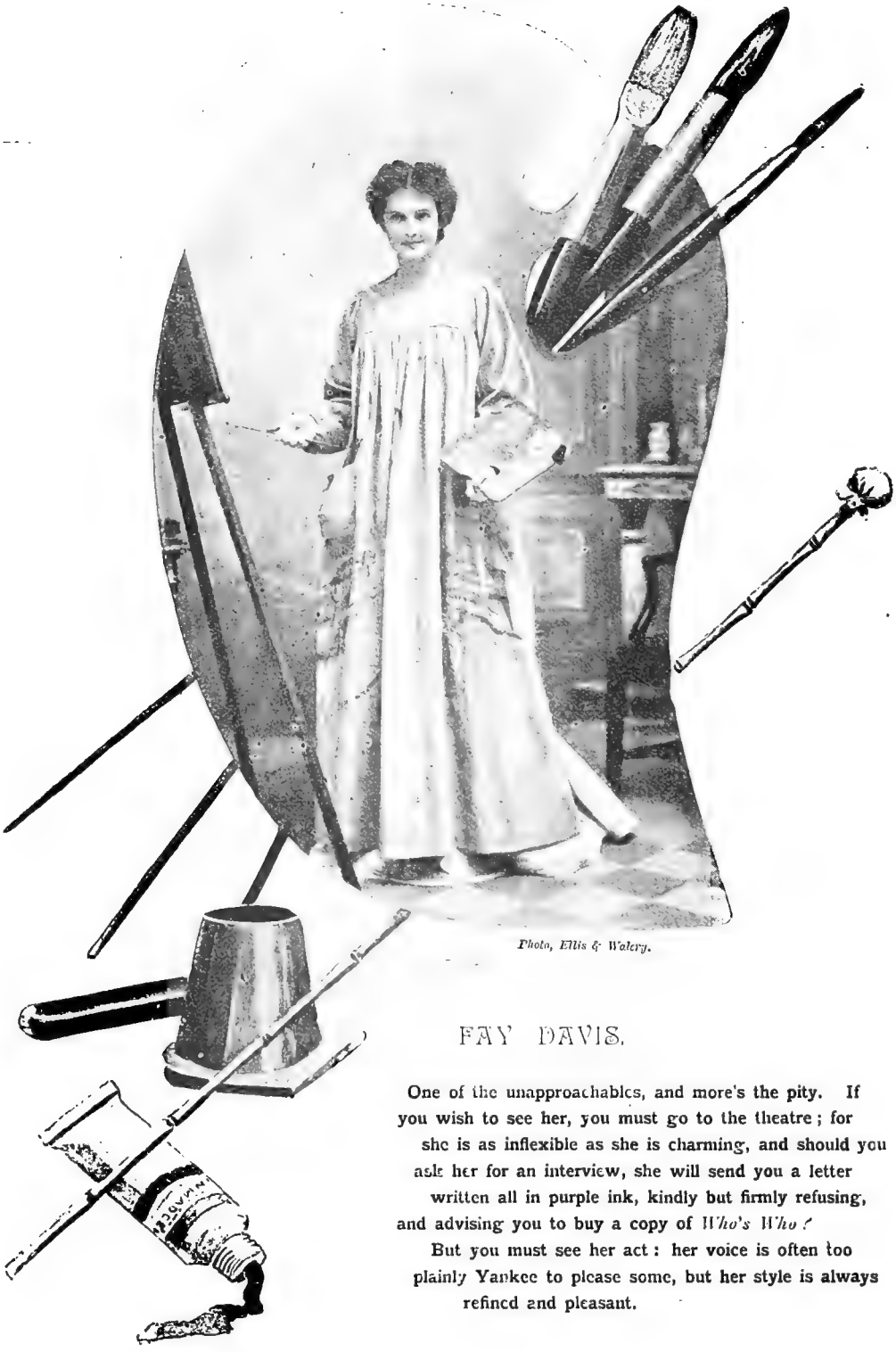

Photo, Ellis & Walery.

FAY DAVIS.

One of the unapproachables, and more's the pity. If you wish to see her, you must go to the theatre; for she is as inflexible as she is charming, and should you ask her for an interview, she will send you a letter written all in purple ink, kindly but firmly refusing, and advising you to buy a copy of *Who's Who?*

But you must see her act: her voice is often too plainly Yankee to please some, but her style is always refined and pleasant.

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Photo, Lafayette.

MRS. LANGTRY.

Would anyone, looking at this portrait, believe that Mrs. Langtry has a daughter eighteen or nineteen years old—the age when the famous beauty, herself a reckless tomboy, was the terror and delight of the Jersey society? She is, indeed, a woman whom time has forgotten! To-day she is a wonderful talker—the wittiest and most interesting *raconteur* in England. When on the stage she amply makes up with her beauty and presence for many deficiencies in dramatic training. And no woman is so regal in her expenditure where stage effects are concerned. Her theatre must have cost a fortune to decorate, and the dress in which she made her appearance in "The Diamond Necklace" (it is shown in the above portrait) is said to have cost hundreds.

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"Our Mr. Baynes"

The Mining Expert

By P. Treherne.

For twenty years "Our Mr. Baynes" served the firm of Podbury & Musgrove at their palatial emporium in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road; for the last five years "our Mr. Baynes" walked the lower floors of this great establishment, clad in the black frock-coat of tradition, and directed visitors with a stately gesture to the department they were in search of.

He felt proud of his title "Our Mr. Baynes"; he had been promoted at a comparatively youthful age, having only just turned forty. In addition to these advantages he was an unmarried man, and, being of a thrifty disposition, had saved a very comfortable little sum of money.

His employers felt proud of him and Mr. Baynes felt proud of his employers, and realised that he was one of the pillars of the great warehouse. Everyone respected him, for he had a kind word for all the underlings, and some of the young ladies positively adored "Our Mr. Baynes"; whether it was his upright, military figure, or his glossy black side whiskers, and deferential expression, no one knew, but each individual young lady at Podbury & Musgrove's felt it an honour to be on "Good morning" terms with Mr. Baynes.

Not that he countenanced familiarity of any sort; he kept all in their places and criticised with a certain freedom the conduct of the young men behind the various counters.

Tradition says that "Our Mr. Baynes" always wore a frock-coat; it would be hard to imagine him in anything else. It was a rare occurrence for Mr. Baynes to take a holiday, but when he did, he invariably wore a frock-coat. The seaside, the country, and on one occasion an expedition to Boulogne by steamer, saw him attired in the garment of respectability, but he varied the head-gear when out of town by a straw hat, a yachting cap, or a bowler.

Though comparatively young in years, Mr. Baynes had serious thoughts of retiring very shortly from business, but before doing so he wished to double his capital. He was a man who never speculated even in a mild, one-horse sort of fashion. He had the greatest distrust of city advice; in fact the only man he believed in was a certain friend of his, Barker by name.

They started in life together and shared lodgings at Beckenham till Barker married. The latter had done pretty well in his business and always laughed at Baynes for taking up such a slow-going concern as Podbury & Musgrove.

"Baynes, my boy," he used to say, "if you'd been in the city you'd be splashing the oof about no end; slow and sure's all very fine, but it doesn't help you to float a good solid concern. Look at me, I'm a junior partner."

And "Our Mr. Baynes" used to smile at Barker; he knew there was no risk in his shop, and his salary had increased year by year. It was a proud moment for Mr. Baynes when he suddenly confided to his friend one day the amount of his savings. Barker simply stared at him and gave a long, subdued whistle.

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"And do you mean to tell me," said Barker, "that you've saved all this and let it lie idle!"

"No," replied Mr. Baynes, "most certainly not. I've invested it all in a home railway that brings in a sure two-and-a-half per cent."

"Well, you are a juggins, Baynes my lad. You call that invested? Why, with the amount you've saved you might laugh at Podbury & Musgrove and retire from active life altogether."

"I should like to," was the answer, "but I don't intend to risk anything."

"Why didn't you tell me this before," exclaimed Barker, "I could have put you on to no end of a good thing; in two years you would treble your capital and absolutely no risk; perhaps it's not too late now, only for goodness' sake sell out."

"You must tell me first about the concern," said Baynes.

"I'm one of the directors," announced Barker pompously, "so of course it's all right. The company is called 'The North Mango Island Exploration Company.' We bought the entire island from a certain Australian financier, Mr. Mendoza; the place is chock-full of gold, and though we've hardly started crushing, the £1 shares are worth £8, and you'll be lucky to get in at that price; besides gold, there's copper in huge quantities.

"We have acquired the railway, and the mining experts say that it will be the surprise of next year. The island is situated one thousand miles south of Sydney and forms part of a group. As you may imagine, transit is difficult; a steamer from Sydney visits the islands once in every month, but we are building a special steamer for shipment of ore. Works on the island are being rapidly carried forward; we issued our prospectuses a short time ago, and to-morrow there is a meeting, so if you think of buying any shares, you'd better attend. The engineer who has lately returned from Australia will speak."

"Have you any interest in the Company?" said Mr. Baynes.

"No," replied Barker; "of course I get a bit for being director, but, unfortunately, have no money to put in it personally."

Mr. Baynes reflected, and before wishing his friend good-night, said he would attend the meeting of the Company on the morrow. He didn't like the idea of putting all his savings into a gold mine; he felt that it was risky, however honest the directors might be. The next day Mr. Baynes turned up punctually at the meeting, having got leave from his employers.

He found a noisy crowd of shareholders and a few sharp-looking men sitting at a long table, with an important-looking person, evidently the chairman, who rose and, in an unctuous voice, announced that Mr. Henry Schwartzmann, the well-known mining engineer and expert, recently returned from Australia, would address the meeting. As the chairman sat down Mr. Baynes caught

"And do you mean to tell me," said Barker, "that you've saved all this and let it lie idle!"

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Barker's eye, where he sat among the directors, and nodded to him.

A keen Jewish-looking man wearing spectacles got up and began to address the meeting. His English was slightly broken, but he spoke at a great pace, occasionally referring to his watch.

Mr. Baynes gathered from his discourse that "The North Mango Island Exploration" would shortly become one of the wonders of the age; it was practically an inexhaustible mine, the possibilities were unparalleled; in Mr. Schwartzmann's opinion there never had been anything like it in the history of mining; he had examined every point of the island and prospected on all sides; at the present moment he could certify that there were several millions quite close to the surface; everywhere that he examined the island, traces of good solid ore were apparent, a vein of gold at least twelve feet thick, and two inches deep, ran under the entire island—and in places, copper appeared to abound.

Having spoken for three-quarters of an hour Mr. Schwartzmann sat down and gazed on his audience through his spectacles. There was a deafening cheer and some of the older shareholders shed tears and became like children.

"That's good enough, isn't it?" whispered Barker to "our Mr. Baynes," as they left the meeting together. "That chap Schwartzmann is the cleverest mining expert in the world. Now just you put your money into it; the shares will be up to I don't know what tomorrow, and then you'll be sorry."

Accordingly Mr. Baynes invested the greater portion of his savings in "The North Mango Island Exploration Company." He kept back a few hundreds on purpose. He managed to get in at 8, and the next day the shares went up to 9¼, which was the result of Mr. Schwartzmann's speech, the king of mining experts.

In spite of his fortunate start in the world of speculation, Mr. Baynes continued to feel rather nervous, and a great longing entered his soul to view this island on which his future depended. He never confided his apprehensions to Barker, but the wish to visit the island continued, and one day, to the intense surprise of the firm of Podbury & Musgrove, their Mr. Baynes asked leave to absent himself from the emporium for some considerable time. At first they were afraid that he intended leaving them altogether. What would happen to the autumn sales if Mr. Baynes left their business? It surprised them, as Mr. Baynes was renowned for taking shorter holidays than anyone in their employ. Podbury senior nearly shed tears, but at last they consented to his absenting himself for six calendar months, and they would find someone to fill his place.

Six weeks later "our Mr. Baynes" landed in Sydney attired in white duck trousers, a black frock-coat, and a yachting cap. The voyage out had been uneventful, but smooth fortunately enough. The day after his arrival Mr. Baynes made inquiries about the Mango Island connection, and found that the steamer started the next day. They told him at the office that the boat took a fortnight doing the distance, and that she visited the group known as The Desolation Islands, and returned again in a month's time.

Mr. Baynes did not look forward to staying a month at Mango Island, however prosperous it might be as a mining centre, but now that he had come all this distance he determined to go through with it. It struck him as odd that at the offices of the steamboat company, they knew so little about the North Mango Island in particular; they advised him to take provisions for a month, and that they had never heard of any good hotels.

The steamer was chiefly a cargo boat, and by far the most important island in the whole group was the one known as Desperation Island; they believed the latter had a small population of natives. Mr. Baynes then asked if they'd ever heard of "The North Mango Island Exploration Company." They had heard of the Company, and believed that some English capitalists had bought the island and were thinking of starting mining operations.

Mr. Baynes walked away from the office of the steamboat company pondering deeply. "*We're thinking of starting mining operations*" rang in his ears. He remembered what his friend Barker said: "Works are being rapidly carried forward." He felt more curious than ever to see this Monte Cristo island, this place of untold treasure, Mr. Henry Schwartzmann's Tom Tiddler's ground. It seemed evident that the company kept their operations very dark. During the afternoon Mr. Baynes visited the principal sights of Sydney and purchased provisions for his sojourn on the North Mango Island.

He went on board the steamer early the next morning and found it a rough and ramshackle affair, rather long and very narrow, with one dirty saloon which the Yankee skipper used as a bed-room, sitting-room,

Google

and dining-room, and to which the privileged first-class passengers were allowed to come from time to time.

The second-class accommodation was still more primitive, and Mr. Baynes shuddered as he peeped down the hatchway, from which a pestilential smell proceeded. The steward filled the place of cook, engineer, valet to the skipper, and general bottle-washer; after all she was only an ancient cargo boat, as they described her at the company's offices, and was quite good enough for the Desolation Islands.

Mr. Baynes found himself the only passenger on board. Every day he took his meals with the skipper and tried to draw him out about the North Mango Island.

"Stranger," inquired the skipper, "air you prospecting that locality? Of all the darned cussedest holes the North Mango Island is the cussedest. You're the first visitor, bar one, that island has had in the last ten years, during which time I've been galavanting around in this old second-hand tramp. Air you on the spy for a suitable convict settlement? 'Cause if so, Mango Island's the locality right through."

"Air you on the spy for a suitable convict settlement?"

"Who was the visitor?" inquired Mr. Baynes anxiously.

"Waal, as far as I reklect, it was Mr. B. Mendoza, of Sydney; he bought it up on spec."

From what the skipper said it was evident that Mr. Henry Schwartzmann, the king of mining experts, had never visited the island, and that his speech had been a magnificent and praiseworthy imaginative effort.

The skipper knew very little about Mr. B. Mendoza, of Sydney; he remembered that for some time past Mendoza had been endeavouring to get Mango Island off his hands. It appeared that he had visited the place three years previously; there was a small street of deserted huts, and no harbour; that was all that Mr. Baynes could discover from the skipper who, becoming eloquent, stigmatised the island as a "Harbourless, thankless, plague spot; a mid-ocean excrescence."

One morning while Mr. Baynes was sleeping peacefully in his bunk, the skipper put his head in at the door, gave him a shake, and said: "Your health resort is in sight; see here, stranger, tumble out." Mr. Baynes tumbled out quickly and followed the skipper on deck. Far away on the horizon he saw a tiny grey speck outlined against the dawn.

"That's North Mango Island, that blob there," said the skipper pointing towards it. "There are six islands, and the closest to Mango is Desperation Island, forty miles distant; you ain't exactly overlooked by anyone."

The steamer went grunting and swinging through the swell, and by the time she dropped anchor off the island, the sun had risen. The anchorage being bad, owing to the innumerable reefs that ran out on all sides, she brought up a considerable distance from the island. A boat was lowered, Mr. Baynes said good-bye to the skipper, and his provision hampers and luggage being safely stowed in the boat, they put off for shore. After three-quarters of an hour steady pulling, they landed Mr. Baynes on the stony beach with his hampers and portmanteau beside him.

He looked round, not a soul was in sight; in spite of the brilliant sunshine North Mango Island appeared to Mr. Baynes the most dismal spot he'd ever clapped eyes on. He gazed longingly after the boat as it

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was pulled away towards the steamer. As far as he could see there was not one tree on the island.

Presently he walked a short distance back from the shore to some rising ground standing some way back, and noticed what appeared to be some broken-down palings. Mr. Baynes walked anxiously towards them and discovered the ruined huts that the Yankee skipper had spoken of.

One of them still boasted a roof and might afford protection from the sun, so by degrees he dragged his belongings to the shelter of the hut.

With remarkable foresight the caterers at Sydney had provided several cases of soda water, which was fortunate, as on inspection of the island, which appeared to be two miles long and half a mile broad, Mr. Baynes found there was not even a pool.

The only vegetation consisted of some rank coarse grass—the place was simply a barren rock of a dull grey colour. He remembered Mr. Schwartzmann described the island as being "several miles in length, with an abundant supply of water, beautifully wooded, and undulating hills, valuable as a building estate, rich in value above ground and below."

Now Mr. Baynes would have to spend a month on a flat, hideous, barren rock, without another soul on it, the only signs of life being some pestilential gnats. How they would laugh at Podbury & Musgrove's to see their stately Mr. Baynes in this woeful plight. He groaned when he thought of the long days and nights before him; he spent his time examining every inch of this hideous spot; nowhere could he discover any trace of intended mining operations. Even supposing they were to find gold and copper, the shallow shelving beach, the impassable reefs, would counteract any attempt at shipment. At the end of three weeks Mr. Baynes had made a complete inspection of the property owned by the company calling itself "The North Mango Island Exploration."

Every day the sun burnt fiercely down on the rock, and Mr. Baynes, already tanned by his sea-voyage, became almost black. He let his beard grow, but he never left off wearing a frock-coat. In spite of the gnats and intense heat, the nights were cool, and Mr Baynes felt quite fit and well at the end of the month. He was opening his last soda-water bottle for lunch when he perceived the smoke of a steamer out at sea, and he knew the Yankee skipper had not forgotten him.

It was with a feeling of intense relief that he left the hut and the empty hampers and the intolerable island. He had found out all he wanted to know. The skipper examined him with a broad grin as he stepped on board, and ejaculated: "Waal, I calculate you've not wanted your dress togs over much during the last month."

A fortnight later they entered Sydney harbour; then Mr. Baynes rushed off on landing and cabled to his brokers to sell all his shares in "The North Mango Island Exploration Company," and in three days he was on his way back to England.

On arriving in London he saw to his intense relief that the North Mango Island shares were at $16\frac{1}{4}$; he chuckled to himself; he had not done so badly after all.

There was a meeting announced to take place the Monday after Mr. Baynes' arrival, and he determined to attend it and surprise the shareholders and directors with his experience. He carefully avoided going to Podbury & Musgrove's till after the meeting; he likewise kept out of Barker's way.

As he entered the room of the hotel where the meeting was held, he came face to face with his friend, but the latter never recognised him. Mr. Baynes took a seat at the table and waited for the chairman to open operations.

The chairman rose and in a few well-selected words congratulated the directors and the shareholders on the wonderful prospects of their company; he anticipated a considerable dividend; owing to Mr. Schwartzmann's excellent account of the island the shares had risen steadily in value. The chairman bowed and sat down; then Mr. Baynes felt his chance had come. He bent forward to the chairman and inquired if he might venture on a few remarks concerning the property. The board agreed to this, wondering what the bronzed and bearded gentleman had to say.

Mr. Baynes proceeded to address the meeting as follows:

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I wish to say a few words to you on the subject of the North Mango Island (cheers). I have just returned from its beautiful woods, its abundant supply of water, the undulating hills spoken of by that eminent mining engineer Mr. Schwartzmann (loud and prolonged cheering). I stayed one month on the island, and on landing in Sydney I cabled the brokers to sell my shares in 'The North Mango Island Exploration Company' (sensation). I should like the shareholders to understand that the island is a fraud, a rocky swindle. No '*works have been rapidly carried forward*' (commotion among the

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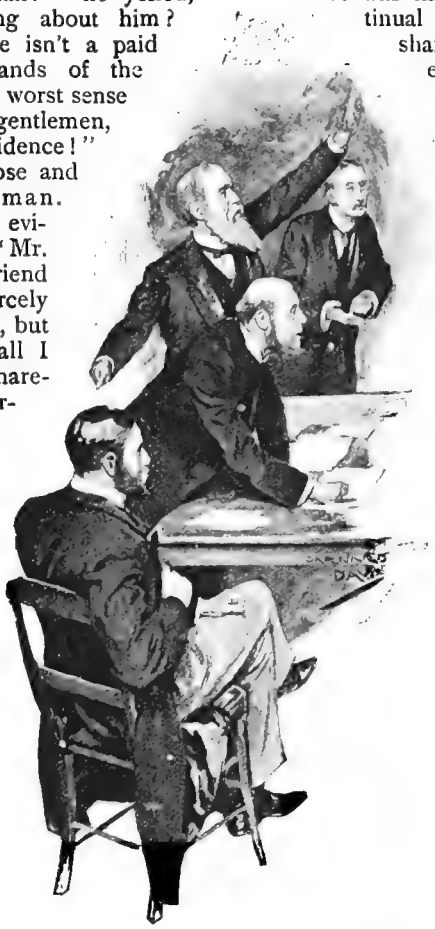
shareholders). Mr. Schwartzmann has never visited the place (groans). I wish to open the eyes of the board to this gigantic imposture before it is too late." Mr. Baynes sat down amid the wild uproar—three directors tried to speak at once, the chairman shouted till he grew black in the face. The roar of the angry shareholders resembled the lion-house at the Zoo before feeding time. At last the chairman made himself heard. "Why believe this man?" he yelled, "who knows anything about him? How do you know he isn't a paid instrument in the hands of the wreckers, a bear in the worst sense of the word? Why, gentlemen, you must hear fresh evidence!"

Here Mr. Barker arose and interrupted the chairman. "You shall have fresh evidence!" he shouted, "Mr. Baynes is a personal friend of mine, though I scarcely recognised him at first, but he has done us all—all I say, to the smallest shareholder—the greatest service. He risked his savings, the savings of a lifetime, gentlemen, in this concern, and now he comes and offers a timely warning."

Then Mr. Baynes became the subject of a demonstration; he was asked so many questions at once that he felt dazed. The shareholders surrounded him on all sides, and quite forgot about the chairman and directors; they stared him in the face, and threatened him with their fists.



Three directors tried to speak at once.

An elderly, careworn shareholder shouted in his ear: "Do you mean to tell me there's no gold? Do you mean to tell me the shares aren't worth sixpence? I bought a lot last week on the strength of a well-founded rumour."

Mr. Baynes smiled faintly, and another shareholder screamed: "I'm rather deaf, I couldn't hear all you said, would you mind telling me if you consider there is any chance of——" at this point he was elbowed out of the way, and a violent-looking individual seized Mr. Baynes by the arm: "I call this simply monstrous," he blustered, "the directors ought to be ashamed of themselves; I intend to lay this case before the Stock Exchange! I don't intend to be swindled in this way. What do we pay the directors for? And as for that Schwartzmann, he ought to be doing time."

It was impossible to answer the continual stream of questions; the shareholders required to know everything connected with the island, many of them imploring Mr. Baynes to tell them what to do.

He replied to all "Sell," and there was a tumultuous rush on the part of the shareholders to sell their shares.

"Our Mr. Baynes" and his friend walked away from the meeting together. "You're a Sherlock Holmes," said Barker, "what a slump there will be!"

"I'm afraid some of 'em will lose a bit," was the reply.

"You must have done pretty well yourself," pursued Barker.

"Not so badly, considering that I'm a novice at speculation."

"Now you'll be able to try another flutter," said his friend.

Mr. Baynes shook his head. "No thanks," he responded, "the Mango Island Company has been a lesson to me—the man who speculates without knowing what he's doing, deserves to lose. I shall return to Home Railways and look about for some snug little villa."

"You might become a director," suggested Barker.

"I think it's about time for lunch," replied 'Our Mr. Baynes,' "and I will tell you all about my travels."

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IF

"If I should learn to love,"
said she—
He hoped 'twould be her fate—
"He must be tall, say six feet
three,
And sober and sedate."
(A laughter loving man was he,
Who stood just five feet eight.)

"If I should learn to love," he
said—
She thought perhaps he might—
"A gipsy maid with queenly
tread
Alone could please my sight."
She tossed a saucy, golden
head,
And coldly said, "Good-night!"

"Good-night!" He pressed her
fingers so,
Her cheeks began to burn.
"My dear, I learnt so
long ago;
My passion to
return
Can I not teach?"
She answered
low,
"I've nothing left to
learn!"

Owen Oliver.

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A poster depicting a scene in "The Gipsy Earl." The hero is seen escaping from an assassin on the sail of a windmill.

POSTERS THAT FILL THEATRES.

Some "Star" Scenes in Modern Melodrama.

By H. L. Adam.

Not many years ago—I well remember it—picture-posters in connection with theatrical entertainments were of the crudest possible description; that is, where there were posters at all. The public had never had anything better, so the public took what was offered them. But a good time was coming, a time when our various street hoardings would be transformed into veritable art galleries. Even sensation may be served up artistically.

Bad printed posters would nowadays do considerable harm to a theatrical enterprise. It matters not so much what the subject-matter of a poster may be, provided the finished production catches the attention.

And talking of subject-matter brings me to the particular point of this article.

Nearly every drama that is written to-day with a view to subsequent possible touring in the provinces—and there are very few which are not written with that attendant consideration—must be well supplied with what I have ventured to dub "star" scenes. These are scenes in which some novel and striking situation is presented, and which will form the subject of a thrilling poster. The latter may be partly delusive, and not fully realised in the theatre, but that is quite a detail. The picture will draw like a magnet.

It struck me that a representative group of these pictures, which figure so largely on our various hoardings, would make a most interesting collection. I consulted Mr. Allen at Harrow on the subject, and begged him to afford me his assistance. This he readily agreed to, and together we plunged into his pictorial archives, and came out again the richer by some fifteen fine specimens. I present them to you just as

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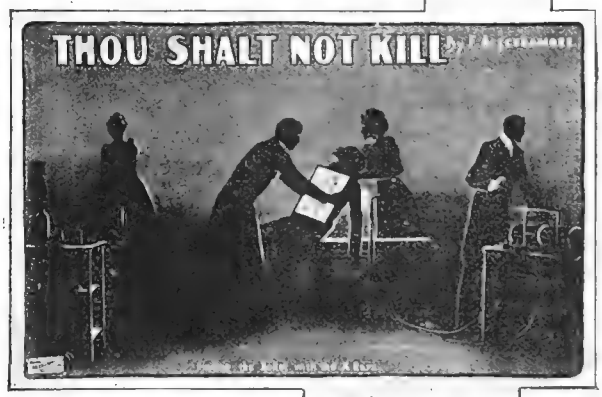
they are, and trust that as we run through them together, you will be able to derive some amusement from them.

To cause the hero to escape on a sail of a windmill, while one of the wicked individuals is being shot in mistake, is just the sort of thing that patrons of the drama—Adelphi drama—dearly love. Add the glamour of moonlight and twinkling stars and such a scene is irresistible. This happened in "The Gipsy Earl."

There is a drama which has

The unfortunate man on the table is about to be dissected alive if he refuses to divulge the secret of a missing will.



The X-rays on the stage.

been on the road for some considerable time, which contains several very striking scenes. The play is called "Thou Shalt Not Kill." We will take three scenes from it, each a subject for a poster, and each a "star" scene in itself.

The clock in the middle is also an infernal machine, which is to blow to pieces the heroine, strapped to the chair, at a certain hour. The figures round are all waxworks.

The first is the "Chamber of Horrors" in a waxwork show. All around are waxen effigies of deceased celebrities of more or less shady reputation. In the centre is a hideous, dwarfish figure in the form of a large clock-dial. This is really an infernal machine, with a wire connection to a plentiful deposit of dynamite. There is also a high-backed chair, with straps, and more wire connections. You have, of course, already guessed that this chair is for the reception of the inoffensive heroine. Somehow she is lured into the weird chamber by the female villain of the piece, between whom and the heroine there is no love lost. Into the fatal chair the latter is strapped, hand and foot; the wires are connected up, and the infernal machine set going. To add to the victim's uneasiness, the female villain places the key of the chamber in her lap, with a particularly diabolical chuckle; then with the comforting assurance that in a few minutes the unhappy woman will be blown into molecules, clangs to the iron gate and takes her departure. Tick, tick, goes the infernal machine, telling off the fatal seconds. You hold your breath, and, if timid, plug your ears. Tick, tick, continues the hideous dwarfish figure. Every moment is laden with dread anxiety,

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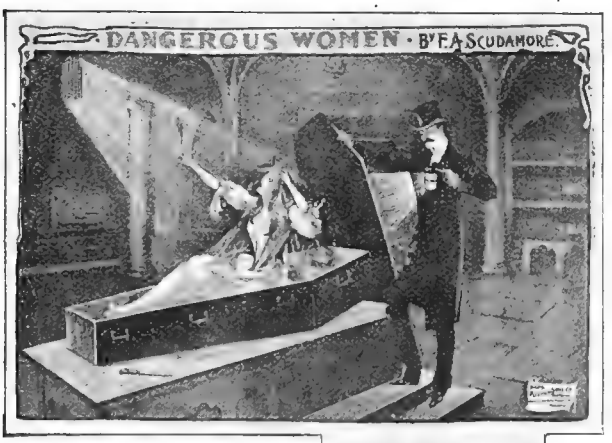
every moment promises to be the last for the unfortunate lady. Then—ah! yes, salvation is at hand. An unthought-of individual effects an entrance in the rear and at the psychological moment clears off with the heroine to



An unpleasant position for a bride. She has been placed in this coffin and conveyed to a vault.

a safe distance. The machine blows up and wrecks the chamber, your anxiety being lost in the *débris*. The whole thing savours of Edgar Allan Poe.

Another scene in this piece is far more interesting, and takes the form of an experiment with the X-rays. All lights are lowered, and this most remarkable discovery of modern times is requisitioned to localise a bullet in a man's body, and, incidentally, to procure evidence against some person or persons concerned. At theatres where this play appears, exhibitions of the X-rays are given, independent of the performance in the drama, free invitations being distributed throughout the neighbourhood. That is good—from an educational point of view.

The third scene in "Thou Shalt Not Kill" is most extreme in its sensationalism, being laid in the unsavoury precincts of a dissecting-room. Here a man is made to deliver himself of certain testimony under threat of, and actual attempt at, dissection during life. Nurses, doctors, implements, drugs, &c., are all present. There is in this scene sufficient to satisfy the most voracious of the morbid-minded.

To place a drugged bride, in her festive garments, within a coffin, and then convey her to a vault where she subsequently has a rude awakening, is more brutal than ingenious. This happens in "Dangerous Women."

To place the hero or heroine—or both—in a position of the direst peril has been since time immemorial the chief delights of dramatists. In a recent play which attracted crowds night after night, the great scene shows the heroine, who has been trapped in a burning building, effecting her escape in a very novel manner. She has obtained access to the telegraph wires which run over the tops of the houses, and with the aid of a scarf, gets away on one of them. I should like to meet that lady, and to

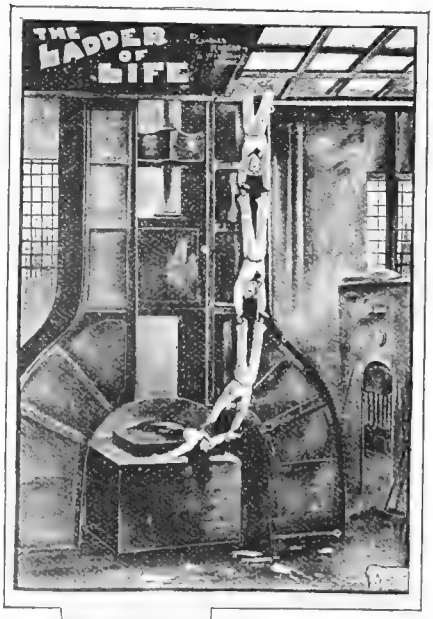
The heroine escapes from a burning house by means of the telegraph wires.

Rescue from a burning house. The hero swings himself up to the window by means of a chain and rescues the heroine.

Google

shake her by the hand. The name of the piece in which the scene occurs is "The Worst Woman in London."

Another scene of complicated perils and hair-breadth escapes is depicted in "Midst London's Millions." A house by the Thames is on fire, and the heroine is inside. There is a crane near, with a hanging chain. Happy circumstance! The hero appears, climbs on to the chain, and by a series of gymnastic swayings backwards and forwards (the hero is always a gymnast) succeeds in reaching the window at which his *fiancée* is appealing for help. He fixes her on to the chain, and they both swing back into safety. In the meantime there are various alarums and excursions in progress inside the house, which is also shown. Several men have every prospect of being cremated, and no doubt they deserve it.



A novel but effectual method of rescuing the heroine, who in this case is placed under a steam hammer.

To place a woman under a huge steam-hammer in order to remove her is unquestionably effectual, or at least would be so if the hammer were allowed to descend. The lady was placed under the hammer in "The Ladder of Life." But that is not all. Did the lady die, or was she rescued? Quite so. And therein comes the real point of this most striking scene. The steam-hammer is situated in an apartment which contains a furnace, and is fitted with a glass roof. The unhappy girl, in direst peril, lies helpless across the iron block, and the hammer is descending. Surely nothing on earth can save her! No, but somebody through the glass roof can. A pane is broken, and three men appear. Almost as quick as thought they descend, one over the other, till they form themselves into a human ladder, the last one being enabled to drag the heroine from beneath the pulverising hammer. Then you breathe freely once more.

A submarine scene. The hero is having a fight with a monster while the heroine escapes.

One of the most difficult things to represent on the stage with any degree of realism, is a submarine scene. But one was presented not long ago which would be hard to beat. The heroine, by means of some subtle villainy, has found her

The hero lies entranced in the magician's laboratory, at the mercy of the villain, while the heroine struggles for her life with the magician himself.

Google

way, unaccompanied, to the undercurrents of the ocean. There happens to be in the neighbourhood a raiding shark, looking for loot. The heroine is in direst peril. But just in the very nick of time there descends to her aid another woman, bent on rescue, and closely followed by a diver (probably the hero in one of his disguises) with a long knife. While the heroine is being snatched from the jaws of death and from the shark by her female friend and a life-belt, the diver does gallant battle with the great fish, and finally kills it. This is one of the latest designed sensation scenes, and occurred in a piece called "The War Correspondent."

Here is a poster that suggests the revival of the Inquisition. When "shut up" the Iron Maiden in the niche is harmless enough ——

Two thrilling scenes are depicted in "The King of Terrors," one on the battlements of a mediæval castle, the other in a magician's laboratory.

Of torture-chamber scenes there are plenty. Turn, for instance, to "The Iron Maiden." We know this lady well, having all read of her in novels. With an exterior of demure innocence, she is full of the most pointed remarks. On the stage she stands in a niche of the torture-chamber, quiet and constrained. She affects no particular fashion, being dressed quite dowdily. The hapless heroine has, as usual, been lured into a trap by the unscrupulous villain. She is in direst peril. The villain vows that unless she, the heroine, reveals where she has put the will, or something equally important, she will be embraced by

—— but when open, most people would object to a close embrace.

A timely rescue by the police.

the still figure in the niche. But the heroine is an iron maiden also, and she defies her persecutor. Thereupon the latter gives the signal, and the maiden throws wide her arms. Then you perceive that she is fully equipped with uncomfortable looking daggers, and you instantly realise that her embrace would be the reverse of affectionate. The heroine is on the point of undergoing this trying ordeal, when somebody interferes in the nick of time.

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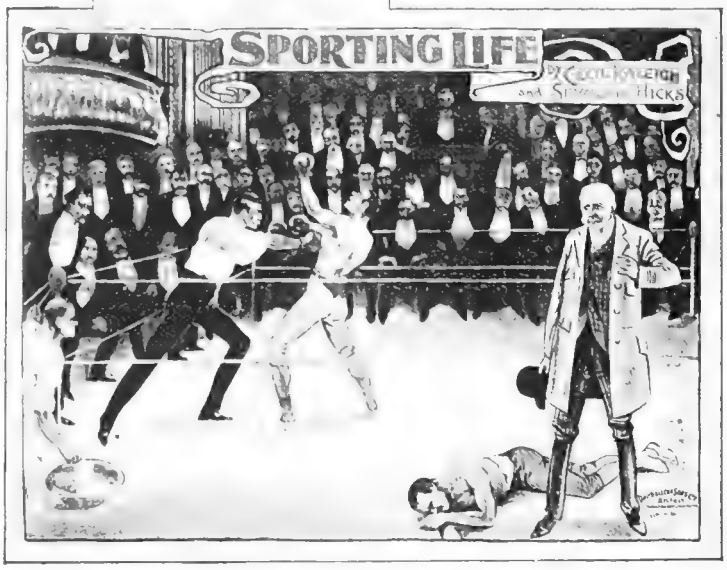
A gallant rescue by the hero. This poster drew crowds to see the play.

The suspension of a small golden-haired girl by a rope, in a low garret, and the timely arrival of the police, is one of the attractions of "A London Arab."

Once more we turn to incendiarism, and a brave rescue. This one occurred in "The Crystal Globe." In order to get rid of the heroine, who, as usual, has not knowingly injured anybody, some malicious person or persons have deliberately set fire to the house wherein she is quietly sleeping. The heroine is in direst peril. She appears at an upper window, with flowing hair and in night habiliments. "Help! help!" she cries. "Will no one help?" Several try, and fail. The hero tries, and succeeds. Firemen arrive, and spread out a blanket, into which the hero jumps, with the heroine in his arms. This is distinctly a feat—quite an acrobatic performance, and not devoid of danger. It is not an easy matter to jump from a height with a woman in your arms; that is, to jump safely. My congratulations to the gentleman who succeeded in doing this.

In "Sporting Life" there is a grand scene at the National Sporting Club, during the progress of one of the expositions of boxing which are so frequent at that institution. The hero is in the act of fighting his own cause with his fists, having taken the place of his man, who, for sinister motives, has been drugged. He is seen administering the *coup de grâce*, otherwise the knock-out blow, to his repulsive-looking adversary.



Here we have the hero taking the place of his "man," who has been drugged. He is just administering the knock-out blow.

The strain after realism in our dramas of to-day is most intense. A few years ago people were perfectly contented with the crudest stuff imaginable, so long as it contained enough excitement to thrill them for a few hours. But to-day we hold the mirror to nature with a vengeance. Everything in life—good, bad, or indifferent; coarse or refined; attractive or repulsive; elevating or degrading, must be duplicated on the stage.

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THE THEFT AT THE ENGLISH PROVIDENT BANK

Being the Fourth of the Series of

"LONDON MYSTERIES."

By Baroness E. Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Man *in a corner seat of the A. B. C. shop who tells the tale to*
The Lady Journalist.
Mr. Lewis Ireland (*manager of the English Provident Bank in Oxford Street*).
Mrs. Ireland (*his wife*).
Robert Ireland (*their son*).
James Fairbairn (*night-watchman at the bank*).

I.

"That question of motive is a very difficult and complicated one at times," said the man in the corner, leisurely pulling off a huge pair of flaming dog-skin gloves from his meagre fingers. "I have known experienced criminal investigators declare, as an infallible axiom, that to find the person interested in the committal of the crime is to find the criminal.

"Well, that may be so in most cases, but my experience has proved to me that there is one factor in this world of ours which is the main-spring of human actions, and that factor is human passions. For good or evil passions rule this poor humanity of ours. Remember, there are the women! French detectives, who are acknowledged masters in their craft, never proceed till after they have discovered the feminine element in a crime; whether in theft, murder, or fraud, according to their theory, there is always a woman.

"Perhaps the reason why the Phillimore Terrace robbery was never brought home to its perpetrators, is because there was no woman in any way connected with it, and I am quite sure, on the other hand, that the reason why the thief at the English Provident Bank is still unpunished is because a clever woman has escaped the eyes of our police force."

He had spoken at great length and very dictatorially. I would never have ventured to contradict him, knowing by now that whenever he was irritable he was invariably rude, and I had the worst of it.

"When I am old," he resumed, "and have nothing more to do, I think I shall take professionally to the police force; they have much to learn."

Could anything be more ludicrous than the self-satisfaction, the abnormal conceit of this remark, made by that shrivelled piece of mankind, in a nervous, hesitating tone of voice? I made no comment, but drew from my pocket a beautiful piece of string, and knowing his custom of knotting such an article while unravelling his mysteries, handed it across the table to him. I positively think he blushed.

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"As an adjunct to thought," I said, moved by a conciliatory spirit.

He looked at the invaluable toy which I had tantalisingly placed close to his hand: then he forced himself to look all round the coffee room: at me, at the waitresses, at the piles of pallid buns upon the counter. But I could see that involuntarily his mild blue eyes wandered back lovingly to the long piece of string, on which, I feel sure, his playful imagination saw already a series of knots which would be equally tantalising to tie and to untie.

"Tell me about the theft at the English Provident Bank," I suggested condescendingly.

He looked at me, as if I had proposed some mysterious complicity in an unheard-of crime. Finally his lean fingers sought the end of the piece of string, and drew it towards him. His face brightened up in a moment, and I guessed he was about to start on his favourite occupation.

"There was an element of tragedy in that particular robbery," he began, after a few moments of beatified knotting, "altogether different to that connected with most crimes; a tragedy, which, as far as I am concerned, would seal my lips for ever, and forbid them to utter a word, which might lead the police on the right track."

"Your lips," I suggested sarcastically, "are, as far as I can see, usually sealed before our long-suffering, incompetent police and——"

"And you should be the last to grumble at this," he quietly interrupted, "for you have spent some very pleasant half hours already, listening to what you have termed my 'cock and bull' stories. You know the English Provident Bank, of course, in Oxford Street; there were plenty of sketches of it at the time in the illustrated papers. Here is a photo of the outside. I took it myself some time ago, and only wished I had been cheeky or lucky enough to get a snapshot of the interior. But you see that the office has a separate entrance from the rest of the house, which was, and still is, as is usual in such cases, inhabited by the manager and his family.

"Mr. Ireland was the manager then; it was less than two years ago. He lived over the bank, with his wife and family, consisting of a son, who was clerk in the business, and two or three younger children. The house is really smaller than it looks on this photo, for it has no depth, and only one set of rooms on each floor looking out into the street, the back of the house being nothing but the staircase. Mr. Ireland and his family, therefore, occupied the whole of it.

"As for the business premises, they were, and, in fact, are, of the usual pattern: an office with its rows of desks, clerks, and cashiers, and beyond, through a glass door, the manager's private room, with the ponderous safe, and desk, and so on.

"The private room has a door into the hall of the house, so that the manager is not obliged to go out into the street in order to go to business. There are no living rooms on the ground floor, and the house has no basement.

"I am obliged to put all these architectural details before you, though they may sound rather dry and uninteresting, but they are really necessary in order to make my argument clear.

"At night, of course, the bank premises are barred and bolted against the street, and as an additional precaution there is always a night watchman in the office. As I mentioned before, there is only a glass door between the office and the manager's private room. This, of course, accounted for the fact that the night watchman heard all that he did hear, on that memorable night, and so helped further to entangle the thread of that impenetrable mystery.

"Mr. Ireland as a rule went into his office every morning a little before ten o'clock, but on that particular morning for some reason which he never could or would explain, he went down before having his breakfast at about nine o'clock. Mrs. Ireland stated subsequently that, not hearing him return, she sent the servant down to tell the master that breakfast was getting cold. The girl's shrieks were the first intimation that something alarming had occurred.

"Mrs. Ireland hastened downstairs. On reaching the hall she found the door of her husband's room open, and it was from there that the girl's shrieks proceeded.

"'The master, mum—the poor master—he is dead, mum—I am sure he is dead!'—accompanied by vigorous thumps against the glass partition, and not very measured language on the part of the watchman from the outer office, such as—'Why don't you open the door instead of making that row?'

"Mrs. Ireland is not the sort of woman who, under any circumstances, would lose her presence of mind. I think she proved that throughout the many trying circumstances connected with the investigation of the case. She gave only one glance

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at the room and realised the situation. On the armchair, with head thrown back and eyes closed, lay Mr. Ireland, apparently in a dead faint; some terrible shock must have very suddenly shattered his nervous system, and rendered him prostrate for the moment. What that shock had been it was pretty easy to guess.

"On the armchair, with head thrown back and eyes closed, lay Mr. Ireland."

"The door of the safe was wide open, and Mr. Ireland had evidently tottered and fainted before some awful fact which the open safe had revealed to him; he had caught himself against a chair which lay on the floor, and then finally sunk, unconscious, into the armchair.

"All this, which takes some time to describe," continued the man in the corner, "took, remember, only a second to pass like a flash through Mrs. Ireland's mind; she quickly turned the key of the glass door, which was on the inside, and with the help of James Fairbairn, the watchman, she carried her husband upstairs to his room, and immediately sent both for the police and for a doctor.

"As Mrs. Ireland had anticipated, her husband had received a severe mental shock which had completely prostrated him. The doctor prescribed absolute quiet, and forbade all worrying questions for the present. The patient was not a young man; the shock had been very severe—it was a case, a very slight one, of cerebral congestion—and Mr. Ireland's reason, if not his life, might be gravely jeopardised by any attempt to recall before his enfeebled mind the circumstances which had preceded his collapse.

"The police therefore could proceed but slowly in their investigations. The detective who had charge of the case was necessarily handicapped, whilst one of the chief actors concerned in the drama was unable to help him in his work.

"To begin with, the robber or robbers had obviously not found their way into the manager's inner room, through the bank premises. James Fairbairn had been on the watch all night, with the electric light full on, and obviously no one could have crossed the outer office or forced the heavily barred doors without his knowledge.

"There remained the other access to the room, that is, the one through the hall of the house. The hall door it appears was always barred and bolted by Mr. Ireland himself when he came home, whether from the theatre or his club. It was a duty he never allowed any one to perform but himself. During his annual holiday, with his wife and family, his son, who usually had the sub-manager to stay with him on those occasions, did the bolting and barring—but with the distinct understanding that this should be done by ten o'clock at night.

"As I have already explained to you, there is only a glass partition between the general office and the manager's private room, and, according to James Fairbairn's account, this was naturally always left wide open so that he, during his night watch, would of necessity hear the faintest sound. As a rule there was no light left in the manager's room, and the other door—that leading into the hall—was

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bolted from the inside by James Fairbairn the moment he had satisfied himself that the premises were safe, and had begun his night-watch. An electric bell in both the offices communicated with Mr. Ireland's bedroom and that of his son, Mr. Robert Ireland, and there was a telephone installed to the nearest district messenger's office, with an understood signal which meant 'Police.'

"At nine o'clock in the morning it was the night watchman's duty, as soon as the first cashier had arrived, to dust and tidy the manager's room, and to undo the bolts; after that he was free to go home to his breakfast and rest.

"You will see, of course, that James Fairbairn's position in the English Provident is one of great responsibility and trust; but then in every bank and business house there are men who hold similar positions. They are always men of well-known and tried characters, often old soldiers with good conduct records behind them. James Fairbairn is a fine, powerful Scotchman; he had been night watchman to the English Provident Bank for fifteen years, and was then not more than forty-three or forty-four years old. He is an ex-guardsman, and stands six feet three inches in his socks.

"It was his evidence, of course, which was of such paramount importance, and which somehow or other managed, in spite of the utmost care exercised by the police, to become public property, and to cause the wildest excitement in banking and business circles.

"James Fairbairn stated that at eight o'clock in the evening of March 25th, having bolted and barred all the shutters and the door of the back premises, he was about to lock the manager's door as usual, when Mr. Ireland called to him from the floor above telling him to leave that door open, as he might want to go into the office again for a minute when he came home at eleven o'clock. James Fairbairn asked if he should leave the light on, but Mr. Ireland said: 'No, turn it out. I can switch it on, if I want it.'

"The night watchman at the English Provident Bank has permission to smoke, he also is allowed a nice fire, and a tray consisting of a plate of substantial sandwiches and one glass of ale, which he can take when he likes. James Fairbairn settled himself in front of the fire, lit his pipe, took out his newspaper, and began to read. He thought he had heard the street door open and shut at about a quarter to ten; he supposed that it was Mr. Ireland going out to his club, but at ten minutes to ten o'clock the watchman heard the door of the manager's room open, and some one enter, immediately closing the glass partition door and turning the key.

"He naturally concluded it was Mr. Ireland himself.

"From where he sat he could not see into the room, but he noticed that the electric light had not been switched on, and that the manager seemingly had no light but an occasional match.

"'For the minute,' continued James Fairbairn, 'a thought did just cross my mind that something might perhaps be wrong, and I put my newspaper aside and went to the other end of the room towards the glass partition. The manager's room was still quite dark, and I could not clearly see into it, but the door into the hall was open, and there was, of course, a light through there. I had got quite close to the partition, when I saw Mrs. Ireland standing in the doorway, and heard her saying in a very astonished tone of voice: 'Why, Lewis, I thought you had gone to your club ages ago. What in the world are you doing here in the dark?'

"'Lewis is Mr. Ireland's christian name,' was James Fairbairn's further statement. 'I did not hear the manager's reply, but quite satisfied now that nothing was wrong, I went back to my pipe and my newspaper. Almost directly afterwards I heard the manager leave his room, cross the hall and go out by the street door. It was only after he had gone that I recollected that he must have forgotten to unlock the glass partition and that I could not therefore bolt the door into the hall the same as usual, and I suppose that is how those confounded thieves got the better of me.'

"While the manager of the English Provident Bank lay in such a precarious condition of health, it was impossible to arrive at any definite knowledge as to what the thief had actually made away with. The chief cashier, however, estimated the loss at about £5000 in gold and notes of the bank money—that was, of course, on the assumption that Mr. Ireland had no private money or valuables of his own in the safe."

II.

"By the time the public had been able to think over James Fairbairn's evidence, a certain disquietude and unrest had begun to make itself felt both in the bank itself, and among those of our detective force who had charge of the case. The newspapers spoke of the matter with very obvious caution, and

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warned all their readers to await the further development of this sad case.

"Mind you, at this point public sympathy was much stirred in favour of the poor man who lay ill, perhaps dying, and yet whom, strangely enough, suspicion had already slightly touched.

"Suspicion is a strong word, perhaps, to use at this point in the story. No one suspected anybody at present. James Fairbairn had told his story, and had vowed that some thief with false keys must have sneaked through the house into the inner office.

"Public excitement, you will remember, lost nothing by waiting. Hardly had we all had time to wonder over the night watchman's singular evidence, and, pending further and fuller details, to check our growing sympathy for the man who was ill, than the sensational side of this mysterious case culminated in one extraordinary, absolutely unexpected fact. Mrs. Ireland, after a twenty-four hours' untiring watch beside her husband's sick bed, had at last been approached by the detective, and been asked to reply to a few simple questions, and thus help to throw some light on the mystery which had caused Mr. Ireland's illness and her own consequent anxiety.

"She professed herself quite ready to reply to any questions put to her, and she literally astounded both inspector and detective, when she firmly and emphatically declared that James Fairbairn must have been dreaming or asleep when he thought he saw her in the doorway at ten o'clock that night, and fancied he heard her voice.

"She may or may not have been down in the hall at that particular hour, for she usually ran down herself to see if the last post had brought any letters, but most certainly she had neither seen nor spoken to Mr. Ireland at that hour, for Mr. Ireland had gone out an hour before, she herself having seen him to the front door. Never for a moment did she swerve from this extraordinary statement. She spoke to James Fairbairn in the presence of the detective, and told him he *must* absolutely have been mistaken, that she had *not* seen Mr. Ireland, and that she had *not* spoken to him.

"One other person was questioned by the police, and that was Mr. Robert Ireland, the manager's eldest son. It was presumed that he would know something of his father's affairs; the idea having now taken firm hold of the detective's mind that perhaps grave financial difficulties had tempted the unfortunate manager to appropriate some of the firm's money.

"Mr. Robert Ireland, however, could not say very much. His father did not confide in him to the extent of telling him all his private affairs, but money never seemed scarce at home certainly, and Mr. Ireland had, to his son's knowledge, not a single extravagant habit. He himself had been dining out with a friend on that memorable evening, and had gone on with him to the Oxford Music Hall. He met his father on the doorstep of the bank at about 11.30 p.m. and they went in together. There

"The watchman heard the door of the manager's room open."

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"She spoke to James Fairbairn in the presence of the detective."

bairn; there was no occasion to do that; to begin with he was a great heavy Scotchman with obviously no powers of invention, such as Mrs. Ireland's strange assertion credited him with; moreover, the theft of the bank notes could not have been of the slightest use to him.

"But, remember, there was the hitch; without it the public mind would already have condemned the sick man upstairs, without hope of rehabilitation. This fact struck everyone.

"Granting that Mr. Ireland had gone into his office at ten minutes to ten o'clock at night for the purpose of extracting £5000 worth of notes and gold from the bank safe, whilst giving the theft the appearance of a night burglary; granting that he was disturbed in his nefarious project by his wife, who, failing to persuade him to make restitution, took his side boldly, and very clumsily attempted to rescue him out of his difficult position—why should he, at nine o'clock the following morning, fall in a dead faint and get cerebral congestion at sight of a defalcation he knew had occurred? One might simulate a fainting fit, but no one can assume a high temperature and a congestion, which the most ordinary practitioner who happened to be called in, would soon see were non-existent.

"Mr. Ireland, according to James Fairbairn's evidence, must have gone out soon after the theft, come in again with his son an hour and a half later, talked to him, gone quietly to bed, and waited for nine hours before he fell ill at sight of his own crime. It was not logical, you will admit. Unfortunately, the poor man himself was unable to give any explanation of the night's tragic adventures.

certainly was nothing remarkable about Mr. Ireland then, his son averred; he appeared in no way excited, and bade his son goodnight quite cheerfully.

"There was the extraordinary, the remarkable hitch," continued the man in the corner, waxing more and more excited every moment. "The public—who are at times very dense—saw it clearly nevertheless: of course, every one at once jumped to the natural conclusion that Mrs. Ireland was telling a lie—a noble lie, a self-sacrificing lie, a lie endowed with all the virtues if you like, but still a lie.

"She was trying to save her husband, and was going the wrong way to work. James Fairbairn, after all, could not have dreamt quite all that he declared he had seen and heard. No one suspected James Fair-

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"He was still very weak, and though under strong suspicion, he was left by the doctor's orders in absolute ignorance of the heavy charges which were gradually accumulating against him. He had made many anxious inquiries from all those who had access to his bedside, as to the result of the investigation, and the probable speedy capture of the burglars, but every one had strict orders to inform him merely that the police so far had no clue of any kind.

"You will admit, as everyone did, that there was something very pathetic about the unfortunate man's position, so helpless to defend himself, if defence there was, against so much overwhelming evidence. That is why I think public sympathy remained with him. Still, it was terrible to think of his wife presumably knowing him to be guilty, and anxiously waiting whilst dreading the moment when restored to health he would have to face the doubts, the suspicions, probably the open accusations, which were fast rising up around him."

III.

"It was close on six weeks before the doctor at last allowed his patient to attend to the grave business which had prostrated him for so long.

"In the meantime, among the many people who directly or indirectly were made to suffer in this mysterious affair, no one, I think, was more pitied, and more genuinely sympathised with than Robert Ireland, the manager's eldest son.

"You remember that he had been clerk in the bank? Well, naturally, the moment suspicion began to fasten on his father his position in the business became untenable. I think everyone was very kind to him. Mr. Sutherland French who was made acting manager 'during Mr. Lewis Ireland's regrettable absence,' did everything in his power to show his goodwill and sympathy to the young man, but I don't think that he or anyone else was much astonished when, after Mrs. Ireland's extraordinary attitude in the case had become public property, he quietly intimated to the acting manager that he had determined to sever his connection with the bank.

"The best of recommendations was, of course, placed at his disposal, and it was finally understood, that as soon as his father was completely restored to health and would no longer require his presence in London, he would try to obtain employment somewhere abroad. He spoke of the new volunteer corps organised for the military policing of the new colonies, and, truth to tell, no one could blame him that he should wish to leave far behind him all London banking connections. The son's attitude certainly did not tend to ameliorate the father's position. It was pretty evident that his own family had ceased to hope in the poor manager's innocence.

"And yet he was absolutely innocent. You must remember how that fact was clearly demonstrated as soon as the poor man was able to say a word for himself. And he said it to some purpose, too.

"Mr. Ireland was, and is, very fond of music. On the evening in question, while sitting in his club, he saw in one of the daily papers the announcement of a peculiarly attractive programme at the Queen's Hall concert. He was not dressed, but nevertheless felt an irresistible desire to hear one or two of these attractive musical items, and he strolled down to the Hall. Now, this sort of alibi is usually very difficult to prove, but Dame Fortune, oddly enough, favoured Mr. Ireland on this occasion, probably to compensate him for the hard knocks she had been dealing him pretty freely of late.

"It appears that there was some difficulty about his seat, which was sold to him at the box office, and which he, nevertheless, found wrongfully occupied by a determined lady, who refused to move. The management had to be appealed to; the attendants also remembered not only the incident but also the face and appearance of the gentleman who was the innocent cause of the altercation.

"As soon as Mr. Ireland could speak for himself he mentioned the incident, and the persons who had been witness to it. He was identified by them, to the amazement, it must be confessed, of police and public alike, who had comfortably decided that no one *could* be guilty save the manager of the Provident Bank himself. Moreover, Mr. Ireland was a fairly wealthy man, with a good balance at the Union Bank, and plenty of private means, the result of years of provident living.

"He had but to prove that if he really had been in need of an immediate £5000—which was all the amount extracted from the bank safe that night—he had plenty of securities on which he could, at an hour's notice, have raised twice that sum. His life insurances had been fully paid up; he had not a debt which a £5 note could not have easily covered.

"On the fatal night he certainly did remember asking the watchman not to bolt the door to his office, as he thought he might have

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one or two letters to write when he came home, but later on he had forgotten all about this. After the concert he met his son in Oxford Street, just outside the house, and thought no more about the office, the door of which was shut, and presented no unusual appearance.

"Mr. Ireland absolutely denied having been in his office, at the hour, when James Fairbairn positively asserted he heard Mrs. Ireland say in an astonished tone of voice: 'Why, Lewis, what in the world are you doing here?' It became pretty clear therefore that James Fairbairn's view of the manager's wife had been a mere vision.

"Mr. Ireland gave up his position as manager of the English Provident: both he and his wife felt no doubt that on the whole, perhaps, there had been too much talk, too much scandal connected with their name, to be altogether advantageous to the bank. Moreover, Mr. Ireland's health was not so good as it had been. He has a pretty house now at Sittingbourne and amuses himself during his leisure hours with amateur horticulture, and I, who alone in London besides the persons directly connected with this mysterious affair, know the true solution of the enigma—often wonder how much of it is known to the ex-manager of the English Provident Bank."

The man in the corner had been silent for some time. I, in my presumption, had made up my mind, at the commencement of his tale, to listen attentively to every point of the evidence in connection with the case which he recapitulated before me, and follow the point, to try and arrive at a conclusion of my own, and overwhelm the antediluvian scarecrow with my sagacity.

I said nothing, for I had arrived at no conclusion; the case puzzled everyone, and had amazed the public in its various stages, from the moment when opinion began to cast doubt on Mr. Ireland's honesty, to that when his integrity was proved beyond a doubt. One or two people had suspected Mrs. Ireland to have been the actual thief, but that idea had soon to be abandoned.

Mrs. Ireland had all the money she wanted; the theft occurred two years ago, and not a single bank-note was ever traced to her pocket; moreover, she must have had an accomplice, since some one else was in the manager's room that night; and if that someone else was her accomplice why did she risk betraying him by speaking loudly in the presence of James Fairbairn, when it would have been so much simpler to turn out the light and plunge the hall into darkness?

"You are altogether on the wrong track," sounded a sharp voice in direct answer to my thoughts—"altogether wrong. If you want to acquire my method of induction, and improve your reasoning power, you must follow my system. First think of the one absolutely undisputed, positive fact. You must have a starting point, and not go wandering about in the realms of suppositions."

"But there are no positive facts," I said irritably.

"You don't say so?" he said quietly, "do you not call it a positive fact that the bank safe was robbed of £5000 on the evening of March 25th before 11.30 p.m."

"Yes, that is all, which is positive and——"

"Do you not call it a positive fact," he interrupted quietly, "that the lock of the safe not being picked, it must have been opened by its own key?"

"I know that," I rejoined crossly, "and that is why everyone agreed that James Fairbairn could not possibly——"

"And do you not call it a positive fact, then, that James Fairbairn could not possibly etc., etc., seeing that the glass partition door was locked from the inside; Mrs. Ireland herself let James Fairbairn into her husband's office when she saw him lying fainting before the open safe. Of course that was a positive fact, and so was the one that proved to any thinking mind that if that safe was opened with a key, it could only have been done by a person having access to that key."

"But the man in the office——" I suggested.

"Exactly! the man in the office. Enumerate his points, if you please," said the funny creature, marking each point with one of his favourite knots. "He was a man who might that night have had access to the key of the safe, unsuspected by the manager or even his wife, and a man for whom Mrs. Ireland was willing to tell a downright lie. Are there many men for whom a woman of the better middle class, and an English woman, would be ready to perjure herself? Surely not! She might do it for her husband. The public thought she had. It never struck them that she might have done it for her son!"

"Her son!" I exclaimed.

"Ah! she was a clever woman," he ejaculated enthusiastically, "one with courage and presence of mind, which I don't think I have ever seen equalled. She runs down stairs before going to bed in order to see whether the last post has brought any letters.

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She sees the door of her husband's office ajar, she pushes it open, and there, by the sudden flash of a hastily struck match she realises in a moment that a thief stands before the open safe, and in that thief she has already recognised her son. At that very moment she hears the watchman's step approaching the partition. There is no time to warn her son; she does not know the glass door is locked; James Fairbairn may switch on the electric light and see the young man in the very act of robbing his employers' safe.

"One thing alone can reassure the watchman. One person alone had the right to be there at that hour of the night, and without hesitation she pronounces her husband's name.

"Mind you, I firmly believe that at the time the poor woman only wished to gain time, that she had every hope that her son had not yet had the opportunity to lay so heavy a guilt upon his conscience.

"What passed between mother and son we shall never know, but this much we do know that the young villain made off with his booty, and trusted that his mother would never betray him. Poor woman! what a night of it she must have spent; but she was clever and far-seeing. She knew that her husband's character could not suffer through her action. Accordingly, she took the only course open to her to save her son even from his father's wrath, and boldly denied James Fairbairn's statement.

"Of course she was fully aware that her husband could easily clear himself, and the worst that could be said of him was that she had thought him guilty and had tried to save him. She trusted to the future to clear her of any charge of complicity in the theft.

"A clever woman, wasn't she?"

"By now everyone has forgotten most of the circumstances; the police are still watching the career of James Fairbairn, and Mrs. Ireland's expenditure. As you know, not a single note, so far, has been traced to her. Against that, one or two of the notes have found their way back to England. No one realises how easy it is to cash English bank-notes at the smaller *agents de change* abroad. The *changeurs* are only too glad to get them; what do they care where they come from as long as they are genuine? And a week or two later *M. le Changeur* could not swear who tendered him any one particular note.

"You see young Robert Ireland went abroad; he will come back some day having made a fortune. There's his photo. And this is his mother—a clever woman, wasn't she?"

And before I had time to reply, he was gone. I never saw anyone move across a room so quickly. But he always left an interesting trail behind; a piece of string knotted from end to end and a few photos.

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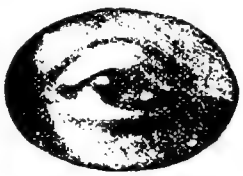
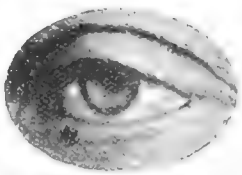
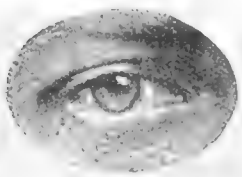
EYES



Queen Victoria



The King



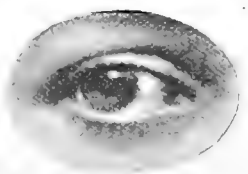
Duke of York

Duchess of York

And What They Tell You.

By Livingstone Black.

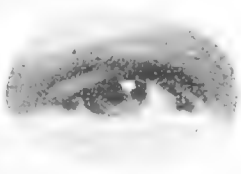
It was said of the Great Napoleon by one who knew him—Talleyrand, I believe—that he owed a vast debt of gratitude to his eyes, it being largely due to them that he attained his unrivalled position. Now this remark of Talleyrand is really not so fanciful as it appears. The eyes and the mouth are the only features which betray a man's individuality—the eyes, especially—and all who knew Napoleon agree that he was nothing very extraordinary to look at, except for his eyes—they were altogether extraordinary, which, after all, is but another way of saying that they were the only outward feature which betrayed his tremendous personality. No one could resist those eyes; they changed deadly foes into faithful servants; they bent the strongest wills and cowed the boldest natures; it was largely due to them, as Talleyrand remarked, that Napoleon became ruler of half Europe.



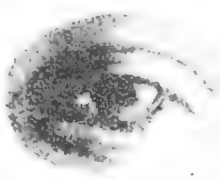
Queen Alexandra

So much for Napoleon. The other day I was talking to Professor Cross, the well-known phrenologist, and this subject of eyes cropped up. Though not strictly within his peculiar province, he had a great deal to say about them generally, and then briefly touched on individual cases, showing how the characteristics of various well-known living men and women might be observed by examining their eyes.

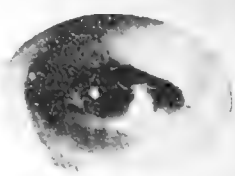
"Why, look at animals," he said. "Cows and dogs, and all kinds of deer, have eyes that in every way reflect the gentleness of their natures. On the other hand, cruelty, cunning and ferocity are observable in the eyes of tigers, hawks, serpents, and other



Prince Edward



The Kaiser



Lord Salisbury

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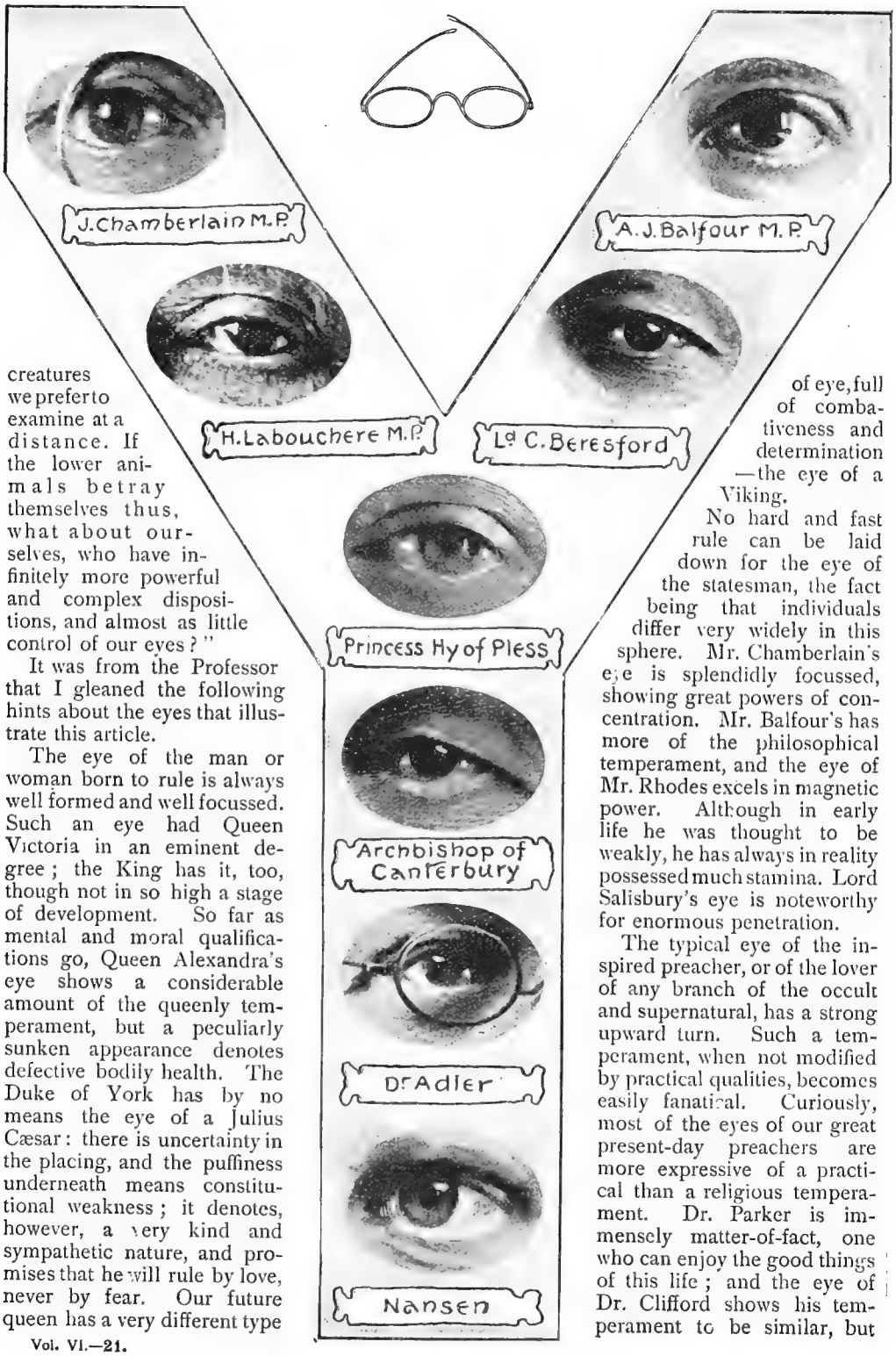

creatures we prefer to examine at a distance. If the lower animals betray themselves thus, what about ourselves, who have infinitely more powerful and complex dispositions, and almost as little control of our eyes?"

It was from the Professor that I gleaned the following hints about the eyes that illustrate this article.

The eye of the man or woman born to rule is always well formed and well focussed. Such an eye had Queen Victoria in an eminent degree; the King has it, too, though not in so high a stage of development. So far as mental and moral qualifications go, Queen Alexandra's eye shows a considerable amount of the queenly temperament, but a peculiarly sunken appearance denotes defective bodily health. The Duke of York has by no means the eye of a Julius Cæsar: there is uncertainty in the placing, and the puffiness underneath means constitutional weakness; it denotes, however, a very kind and sympathetic nature, and promises that he will rule by love, never by fear. Our future queen has a very different type of eye, full of combativeness and determination—the eye of a Viking.

No hard and fast rule can be laid down for the eye of the statesman, the fact being that individuals differ very widely in this sphere. Mr. Chamberlain's eye is splendidly focussed, showing great powers of concentration. Mr. Balfour's has more of the philosophical temperament, and the eye of Mr. Rhodes excels in magnetic power. Although in early life he was thought to be weakly, he has always in reality possessed much stamina. Lord Salisbury's eye is noteworthy for enormous penetration.

The typical eye of the inspired preacher, or of the lover of any branch of the occult and supernatural, has a strong upward turn. Such a temperament, when not modified by practical qualities, becomes easily fanatical. Curiously, most of the eyes of our great present-day preachers are more expressive of a practical than a religious temperament. Dr. Parker is immensely matter-of-fact, one who can enjoy the good things of this life; and the eye of Dr. Clifford shows his temperament to be similar, but

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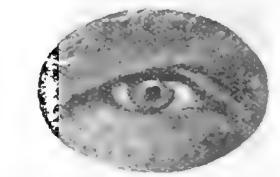
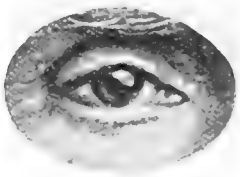
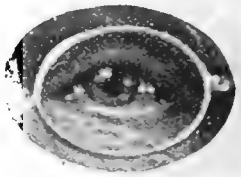

Dr. Parker


Alfred Austin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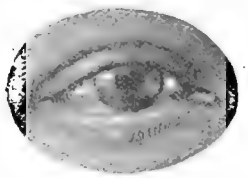
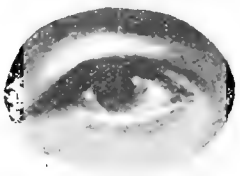

Mrs H. Ward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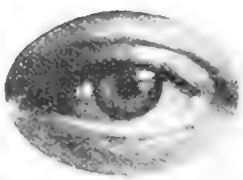
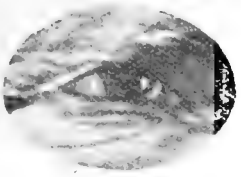
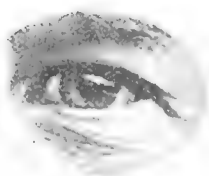

Cecil Rhodes


Mark Twain

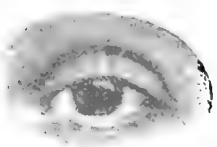

Sir T. Lipton

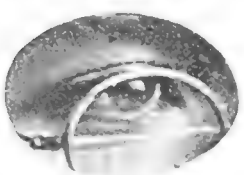
with a more scientific turn. The Archbishop of Canterbury is very lawyer-like, and would have made a splendid business manager.

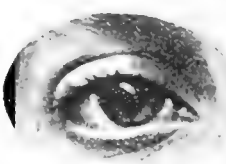
Mr. Alfred Austin has not a poetical eye, but rather one indicative of a plain, matter-of-fact temperament; compare it with the full orb of Shakespeare, and it will be found quite different in type as well as in degree. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's eye shows similar traits.

While it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule by which the artistic temperament may be detected by the eye, there will always be some leading traits common to people who have this nature. Wonderful capacity for detail, and the keenest powers of observation are plainly apparent in the eye of Sir Henry Irving; all this may be gathered from the regularity of the formation. The artistic impulse is shown by the upward turn of the ball beneath the upper lid. Mr. Geo. Alexander's is a splendid instance of the artistic eye, full of emotion and sympathy, and deep love of the mystical, but with less practicability than Sir Henry's. The eye of Mr. W. S. Penley is very typical of himself. It is almost boyish in its light-hearted mirthfulness—the very opposite to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's, tired, dull, and heavy-lidded, as it is, showing delicacy of constitution, allied to great imaginative power. Miss Ellen Terry has an eye the style of Sir Henry's—calm and steadfast, an index of reasoning power, the eye of an actress with a lawyer's temperament.

We know how wonderfully some people can keep their feelings from appearing on their faces, and especially in their eyes. The general character shows itself—we are quite powerless to prevent that; but emotion such as fear, doubt, bewilderment, anger, joy,


Mrs Patrick Campbell


Rudyard Kipling


Lena Ashwell

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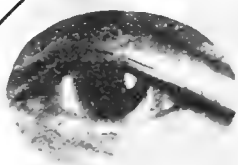
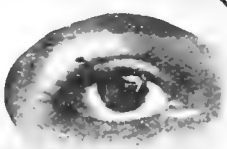
Ellen Terry

Edna May



Hy Irving

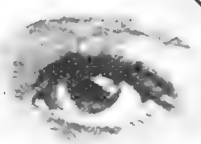
falsehoods. But let them be on their guard against exaggeration. I know a young lady who is neither a detective nor a diplomatist, but a very apt student in the art of deception. She, however, never deceives me; I have only to watch her eyes to know whether she is telling me the truth or not. If she happen to be telling the truth—an occasional occurrence—her eyes may be looking into mine or may not, in either case they are absolutely normal in expression. If, on the other hand, she should be fibbing, she looks fixedly at me with very wide-open eyes full of clear and child-like innocence. And the foolish girl never by any chance alters these tactics—nor could she, I wager, however hard she tried. They have become part of her nature.



Maud Jeffreys

Beerbohm Tree

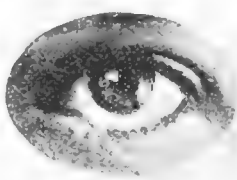
and so forth, though as a general rule so immediately observable in the face, and especially in the eyes, some people have a wonderful knack of hiding—a knack which is either inborn or the result of long practice. For instance, we all of us unhappily know men and women who can tell the most flagrant untruths with wide, candid eyes that look straight into yours; and if, by any chance, you show your incredulity, those eyes narrow or flush with resentment—another sham expression, for the only emotion a person can possibly feel at being thus "found out" is embarassment, not unmixed, let us hope, with shame. Diplomatists and detectives may be excused if they study the art of deception and learn to make their eyes tell



Mabel Love

Evelyn Millard

W. S Penley



Geo Alexander

Google

By F. Hamel.

Author of "In a Japanese Tea-room," etc.

The curtain was rung down upon the play and upon all my hopes at one and the same time. I had always been warned that to propose at the theatre was a foolish thing to do. When it came to the touch, however, I found it was out of my power to make a choice. The seats in the stalls are really placed infernally close together, and that was the cause of my undoing. I had been altogether overpowered by the temptation of leaning my elbow on the partitioning arm between Marjorie's chair and my own, and of bending slightly over, so as to catch a ravishing glimpse of one dainty ear, encircled by the most wilful little brown curls, and a neck which seemed positively waiting to be caressed.

What made my case worse was that the play happened to end tragically. Of course, I did not grow aware of this from what happened on the stage. The whole of that last act appeared to me nothing but a blur of murmuring figures, vanishing in the wrong direction, just when I expected to see them plainly and hear them speak distinctly. But I knew the play was tragic, and I believe the hero was undergoing lurid death-struggles, when a tear welled up on Marjorie's eyelashes, to roll over on to her cheek, which caused me to lose the very last shred of self-possession I had been hanging on to, as one might clasp even a bunch of nettles grimly to save oneself from falling into a muddy ditch.

Bah! It was a desperate plunge I made at that moment.

I gave a last wild glance around at the sea of staring faces, which seemed so near and so possessed of ears to hear what is not intended for their delectation, and then I said gasping:

"Marjorie, I have loved you for such a long time. Will you be my wife?"

She must have heard my words quite distinctly, but she never even moved. Her whole attention was riveted on the play, and she kept her eyes fixed on the man dying on the stage.

At that moment I would have given my whole fortune—no inconsiderable offering—to have changed places with him.

Was anyone behind giving a snigger? I looked round angrily. The rows of faces appeared imperturbable enough. All eyes were intent upon the actors.

I had gone too far now to cover a retreat gracefully.

I put my arm right across the back of Marjorie's chair, almost embracing her, and I verily believe my moustache touched her cheek.

"I asked you to marry me," I persisted. The words sounded quite fierce. I did not mean them to be so, and I had partly clenched my teeth, believing this expedient might deaden the distinctness of my voice.

"I heard," she whispered, taking her eyes for a moment from the stage and turning towards me. "I heard—but he isn't dead yet —*Can't you wait?*"

The calm question—with its note of unconscious satire—caused my over-heated

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blood to pass boiling point. Wait! The very thing I had been striving with every fibre of my strength to do, and found impossible. My self-control being already lost I could not answer calmly. Remaining at high tension, I pressed her to answer me immediately and took less care to lower my tones. Someone behind had certainly caught scent of what was going on. This time the snigger was quite audible. Marjorie heard it and blushed vividly.

"Please don't make yourself ridiculous, Jack," she murmured.

Now because that was exactly what I had already done, her words stung me hotly.

"I thought you cared," I broke out in a huff. "I suppose I was mistaken. I don't believe you mean to marry me after all."

"No! Most assuredly I do. not," she answered, roused to anger by the tone I had taken, and just then the curtain went down.

I suppose in due course the lights were also turned up, but I really did not notice. When one is plunged suddenly into Erebus, outside illumination goes for very little.

It happened that it was a first-night performance and that the play had been very well received. There were a thousand cries of "Author, author!" My one desire being to get away from the place to breathe, this delay caused me no little discomfort. I was stifled by the thought of remaining in close proximity to the only woman whom I had placed in a position to give me a rebuff. I begged her to excuse my immediate departure.

"Certainly," she agreed to my request. "I shall be quite safe with Kate and Alfred. Good-bye!"

Her brother Alfred was occupying the seat beyond hers, and his wife, Kate, the next to that. I observed that they were watching in eager expectation for the appearance of the author. It was easy for me to slip away without attracting their attention. Doubtless Marjorie would explain to them that I felt indisposed, and had offered my excuses for an early departure. I worked out these thoughts as I emerged into the refreshing outer air.

So I had made a bigger fool of myself than usual, I reflected bitterly. I had felt so sure of Marjorie. We were made for each other. I knew it. I had long learnt to call her wife in my inmost thoughts, and just because I had put the question to her at the wrong moment, the castle I had been building had come down shattered, as if it had never been possessed of more consistency than an edifice of cards. She was not one to change her mind, either.

"Cards!" The word gave me a new idea. I would go and have a night's gambling. Anything would be preferable to this smarting loss of self-respect. Marjorie had often said it was folly to spend the night at cards. So it was. But what did it matter now what Marjorie said.

I actually began to feel annoyed that I had missed the better portion of the acting. No woman was worth giving up enjoyment for, and it really had seemed a good play. Not one of the uncomfortable moral sort, and yet with plenty of plot. Never mind, I should be able to see the criticism in the morning papers, and learn who the author was. Clever fellow that author must be! I felt quite sorry now that I had missed hearing him speak. It struck me suddenly that perhaps he hadn't finished, and that after all there was no reason why I should not slip back into the theatre. I could easily avoid meeting my friends, and under no circumstances would I allow Marjorie to catch sight of me, though I sighed as I thought of those seductive little curls.

The author had only just commenced his speech. He thanked the audience gracefully for their approval. It was his ideal, he said, to raise the standard of the English stage. This remark was received with uproarious

"I asked you to marry me," I persisted.

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enthusiasm. The populace always appears anxious to have the standard of its plays improved, yet flocks so eagerly to those which lower it. I stood at the entrance to the stalls, meditating upon this point, when I felt a soft touch on my arm.

I started round suddenly. For one mad moment I mistook the girl who was standing close to me for Marjorie. A similarity in the colour of her long cloak and the wrap she wore partially covering her features sufficed for this absurdity.

"Dearest one," I murmured impressively, and then discovered my error at once, for she drew back a little horrified.

"Oh, I must apologise," I continued confusedly. "I took you at the moment for —for a very good friend of mine." In my heart I cursed the weakness which made it possible for me to still think of addressing by that term a woman who had treated me so cruelly.

Apparently something in my repentant words, or in my appearance, renewed the lady's confidence, for she continued:

"Oh, you are engaged to be married. That makes it all the more suitable."

"It isn't suitable at all. I wonder you did not take me for married at once," I remarked bitterly.

"Not while you say 'dearest' like that," she continued, opening wide her eyes of childlike innocence. "I'm married myself, you see. I know."

"You're married!" I was led into a rudeness. She positively did not look more than sixteen. "Why, you are only a child."

"I'm married for all that, and I have lost my husband. That is just what is the matter." She looked suddenly lugubrious.

"Lost your husband. Then you are a widow?" I was trying my best to be sympathetic, though all the time my heart was beating, "Marjorie, Marjorie."

"I see you are stupid as well. Perhaps that is fortunate."

"Not for me," I pleaded. "But what makes you so perceptive?"

"I told you my husband was lost, and you drew absurd conclusions. He only went out for a smoke."

"Towards the end of the act. He must have missed the best part of the play." My words were spoken with authority. As if I knew!

"At the beginning of the act," she persisted. "Not at the end."

"Ah! A long smoke. Pity he missed the play." It was the one string on which I felt justified to harp.

"He has missed me—which is worse. I don't know why he never came back. Where can he be now?"

I refrained from making any suggestions.

"What shall I do? I don't know where to look for him."

"You must go home—and wait for him there." My idea seemed a brilliant one.

She pondered thoughtfully. "If the matter were as simple as that I should hardly have troubled you."

"Of course not," I put in politely.

"There are two difficulties in the way," she said at last, ignoring my reply.

"Please trust me. Perhaps I can solve them."

She smiled gratefully.

"One is, I am frightened of being alone. We only arrived in London to-day and I have never been here before."

"Your fear on that score can easily be removed. If you will permit me——"

"You haven't heard the second difficulty," she said, interrupting my offers of service.

"It is——?"

"That I haven't a notion of the address of the place at which we are staying."

"Whew!" I whistled. "That sounds awkward. We must have another look round for your husband."

By this time the people had begun to crowd out of the theatre. She took my arm and I fought against the stream, thinking it well to have another look inside, before we took the lesser chance of searching through the volatile crowd without.

As ill-luck would have it we came face to face with Kate and Alfred. I had made no provision against such a contingency.

"Hullo, Jack!" cried the latter. "Glad you've enjoyed yourself. Excellent play, isn't it?"

"Very good indeed. Most refreshing," I replied, gulping down something that seemed as bad as a five-barred gate for my voice to jump over. At all events Marjorie had not made the excuse that I was indisposed.

Kate eyed my companion gravely. I made up my mind to face the situation boldly.

"I wondered why you left us," continued Alfred cheerily. And then in a low tone: "You sly dog!" Brothers are proverbially obtuse.

"I was really most distressed to do so, but Mrs. Willis was put in my charge by her husband—er—Dr. Willis—an old friend. He was called away before the end. Allow me to introduce Mrs. Willis, Kate."

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The ladies bowed.

The ladies bowed. I admired my companion. She was a brick not to give me away.

"Where is your sister, Alfred?" I continued, not without an effort. So far I could lie boldly like a trooper. But with her truthful eyes upon me, I feared the Dr. Willis fiction might fall through.

"She met some friends and went away with them just before the end of the speech. You see she lives N.W. and we live S.E. It makes a difficult combination, as you may imagine."

I pleaded remembrance, but refrained from stating that, earlier in the evening, I had looked upon it as a most delightful "combination."

"She ran off in a hurry at the last without saying 'good-night,'" continued Alfred, looking me straight in the face as if he believed me quite incapable of doing likewise. "As I imagine it, an old flame of hers was of the party. Two can play at your game," he added in an undertone.

I would have knocked him down gladly for either remark, but there was no time to lose. I drew my companion closer to my side, and, with hurried farewells, turned to scan the people still remaining in the theatre. She assured me her husband was not amongst them.

"What is your name?" I inquired as I hurried her into the street.

"Oh, Mrs. Willis—will do as well as any other." She laughed.

The crowd had almost dispersed by this

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time, but there were still a few cabs and carriages lining the road.

Mrs. Willis gazed around her blankly. Then she suddenly pointed to a hansom a short way down the line with a little cry of surprise.

"Ah! There is my husband," she said, "and with a lady!"

I glanced quickly at the vehicle indicated, and caught a distinct glimpse of the woman leaning forward, her face touched by the betraying gleam from an adjacent gas-lamp. There was no possibility of doubt. The woman was Marjorie. I was so taken aback by this discovery that I failed to notice her companion.

"Your husband — in that hansom? Are you positive?" I gasped. Alfred's remark about an old flame passed through my mind. Was it for this that his wife had suffered neglect?

"Yes, yes. It was he. I saw him perfectly distinctly."

It was more than I had done, but the hansom had turned out of the row so quickly. We should have to follow them in another cab.

It appeared simple enough, and I was fortunate in hailing another almost immediately, not of course before the one we wished to shadow was out of sight.

I outlined a probable route to end at the address where Marjorie lived, and told the man to drive rapidly.

Marjorie had just put aside her wraps, and was seated contentedly discussing a large bowl of bread and milk.

There was one chance, but it was a good one. We might overtake Dr. Willis at Marjorie's house, provided he accompanied her home and she had asked him in.

"Ah!" moaned my companion. "You don't think he would—would put his arm round her—or—or kiss her?" The last words came in a terrified whisper.

"Kiss her? I should rather hope not," I replied, so indignantly that she shrank from my side. What a picture she had called to my mind, to which of course she possessed no clue.

Every other minute of that distressful journey, my companion inquired whether I could discern the other hansom. She had no knowledge of any plan, save the shadowing of her husband.

"Are you sure they came this way?" she asked anxiously, as we entered more deserted streets. "We can't spend the night in a hansom, you know."

I reassured her, as we pulled up at the door of Marjorie's house. I was thankful to see it was not entirely in darkness. Requesting Mrs. Willis to remain where she was, I sprang out and touched the bell.

"Is Miss Wayland in yet?" I inquired of the man, Spencer, who answered it.

"Just come in, sir. This way, sir," said he.

I thanked my stars that I was well known enough at the house to be shown into the drawing-room without a formal announcement.

Marjorie had just put aside her wraps and was seated contentedly discussing a large bowl of bread and milk.

She looked up as I entered — almost as though she had expected me.

"Dr. Willis?" I gasped. "Where is Dr. Willis? His wife is waiting for him."

"Dr. Willis? Who is that, Jack? And where do you say his wife is waiting?"

"Outside in a hansom. Of course you don't know that name. I mean the man who brought you home. We followed you as quickly as we could."

"Indeed! Saw us together? The man who brought me home? Not Dr. Willis? How confused your remarks are." Then seeing me redden at the remembrance of how confused they had been earlier in the evening, she hastened to continue. "Why,

Google

I did not want Alfred and Kate to come all the way round and so I asked the Claridges to put me in a hansom and came alone—as you had gone."

She uttered the last words in a reproachful tone which made my heart beat rapidly, but this was not the hour to make show of unruly sentiment.

"Well, it is very awkward," I continued with a somewhat sulky air. "Here am I with this woman on my hands."

"A woman on your hands must be rather trying after—after I was so unkind to you this evening. Who is she?"

"That is just what I don't know, and she has forgotten where she lives and has lost her husband."

The ludicrousness of my position seemed to strike us both. We faced each other and joined in a merry fit of laughter.

It was the one thing calculated to disperse the shadow which earlier in the evening had cast darkness upon our mutual affection. I recognised that here lay my opportunity. If only Marjorie were willing to listen to me now. How boldly I would expatiate on all the love I felt for her! But I had based this reckoning on means which were no longer at my disposal. For some reason, that for the life of me I was unable to explain, the words which earlier had forced their way from my lips unrestrained and unrestrainable refused to find utterance. I was struck dumb and helpless just at the moment when I felt her eyes upon me and realised that she was waiting for me to say all she had refused to hear before. As I had cursed my previous impetuosity, I now cursed doubly this tongue-tied hesitation.

I grew red, I stammered, I even swore beneath my breath, and was making up my mind that the best of all courses open to me was a determined retreat, made with such dignity as might still remain at my command, when she herself came to my deliverance.

"Won't you let me ask you to forgive me?" she whispered, tremulously.

The spell I was under snapped.

"Marjorie!" I ejaculated fervidly, and then I pleaded with her.

"Jack!" she responded presently, giving me her hand and allowing me to cover it with kisses. "But you are forgetting Mrs. Willis."

"Hang Mrs. Willis!" replied I with more force than politeness. "If her husband ran off with you, I've every right to run off with his wife."

"But he didn't," she said, frowning.

"Neither did I. She ran off with me. I shall have to take her to an hotel and we must advertise to-morrow."

Just then Spencer came in with a loud cough—we had not heard him knock—to inform me that he had happened to notice my hansom drive away. He thought he heard me order the man to wait.

"So I did," said I. "And the lady——?"

I hurried into the hall and down the steps, but Mrs. Willis had disappeared without leaving a sign.

Not altogether though. We found she had squeezed a little folded note under the doorway. It was pencilled and barely legible. Marjorie and I quarrelled amiably about the contents, but as far as I could make them out they ran something like this:

"When a woman is determined to repair a man's stupid blunder she sometimes has very little choice of tools. I refused the man I should have married because he proposed to me at the wrong moment—and he never—" but that was all we could read except the P.S. "If you don't mind being overheard, choose stalls."

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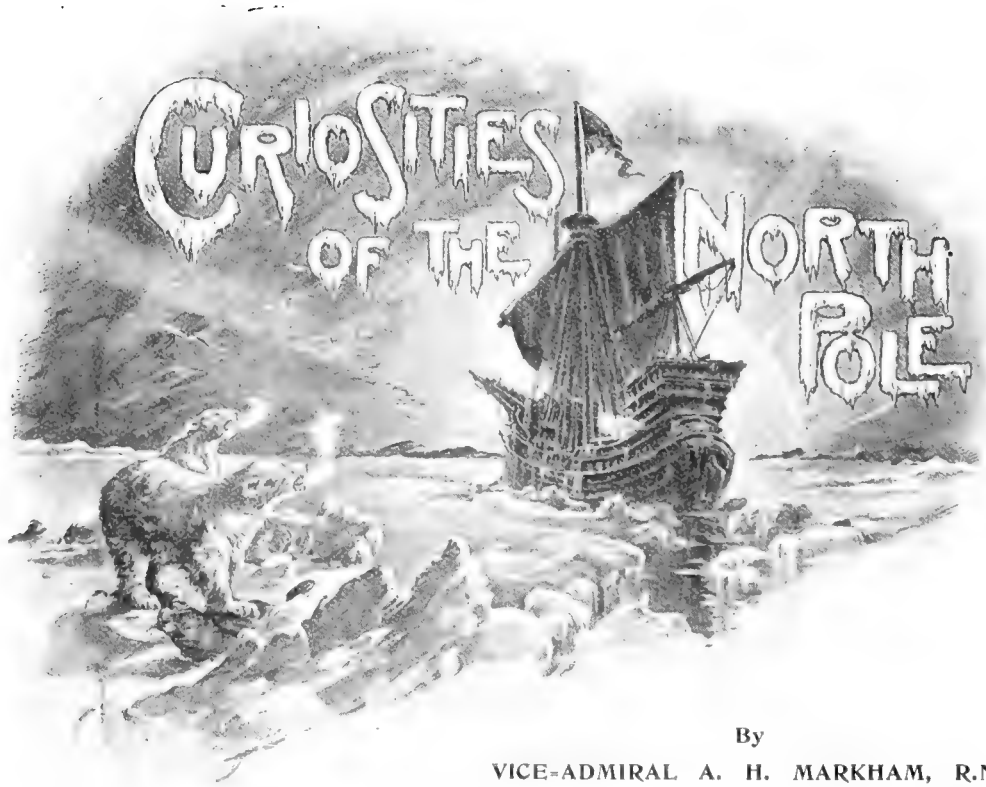

By

VICE-ADMIRAL A. H. MARKHAM, R.N.

THAT the North Pole will be reached I have not the slightest doubt, and I am also inclined to think it will be reached before many years have elapsed; but whether the successful explorer will be carried thither by a drifting ship, by travelling over the ice, by an aerial vessel, or by submarine locomotion, I shall not venture to predict. Perhaps some other method more simple and more certain than any of these may be designed in the space of a few years.

The idea of discovering the North Pole is not a modern one; attempts to reach it have been more or less persistent ever since the ninth century, when King Alfred of England sent an expedition northward under the command of a wealthy nobleman of Heligoland, named Othar, with the object of discovering distant lands and adding new realms to the crown of England.

The account of this expedition is brief and somewhat vague, but from what exists we are informed that "Othar advanced further to the north than any mortal had done before." That, in itself, is not a very startling announcement, considering the limited knowledge of geography in those days, but when, further on, it is gravely stated that "he rounded the point of the globe beyond which it again sinks to the south," it would appear that the North Pole, if this account is to be relied on, was actually reached more than a thousand years ago!

The details of Othar's voyage, however, must be received with considerable caution. His expedition probably reached the south-east coast of Greenland, and even, perhaps, sailed as far as Spitzbergen, which is alluded to in the narrative as an island "far beyond the countries inhabited by men," but this, it may be observed, is also a description that would apply equally well to Iceland. On the return of Othar to England, he was most favourably received by King Alfred, who subsequently employed him on a voyage to the Baltic.

It is not my intention to enumerate and describe other Polar expeditions; my real purpose is to touch briefly on the singular conditions that will be found to exist at the Pole,

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We all know that the term "North Pole" is the conventional name given to an imaginary spot situated at the northern axis of our terrestrial sphere. What we shall find there it is difficult to say. At one time I was under the impression, and it was also the view held by many eminent Arctic authorities, that an archipelago of many islands would probably be found to exist, extending from Franz Josef Land and Greenland across the Pole towards the northern coasts of America and Siberia; or, perhaps, as the diurnal rotation of the earth has caused all our continents to be formed along meridians, rather than in an equatorial direction, a continent, like Greenland, might have been found to extend right across the Pole. This conjecture has, however, been effectually set aside by the recent wonderful voyage of Dr. Nansen, who saw no land of any description to the northward of Franz Josef Land.

It is therefore probable that a large frozen sea, studded perhaps with a few islands, will be found by the venturesome explorer who first succeeds in reaching the Pole. Many singularities and peculiarities connected with it will very forcibly be brought to his notice when he gets there.

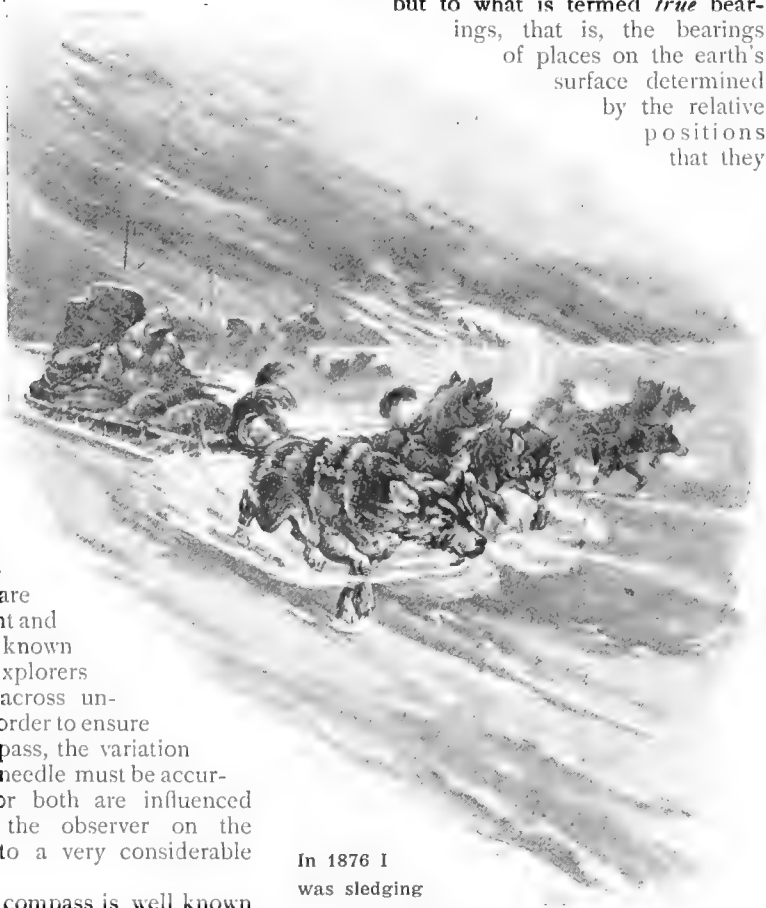
My readers are, in all probability, acquainted with the use and the value of the mariner's compass. With it sailors are able to navigate distant and comparatively little known seas, and by its aid explorers can make their way across unknown lands. But in order to ensure the value of the compass, the variation and inclination of the needle must be accurately determined, for both are influenced by the position of the observer on the earth's surface, and to a very considerable degree.

The needle of the compass is well known to be governed by the powerful magnetic influence that attracts it in the direction of the North Magnetic Pole. The north point of the needle will always point towards the magnetic Pole.

Now, as the terrestrial Pole is situated some twelve hundred miles to the true north of the magnetic Pole, it follows that on passing the magnetic Pole and continuing towards the terrestial Pole, a southerly course by compass will necessarily have to be followed, because the north point of the needle will be attracted towards the magnetic Pole, which will be to the true south of the observer.

When in 1876 I was sledging over the frozen sea in my endeavour to reach the North Pole, and therefore travelling in a due north direction, I was actually steering *by compass* E.S.E., the variation of the compass in that locality varying from 98deg. to 102deg. westerly.

It is not, however, to bearings by *compass* that I desire to call attention, but to what is termed *true* bearings, that is, the bearings of places on the earth's surface determined by the relative positions that they



In 1876 I was sledging **over the frozen sea.**

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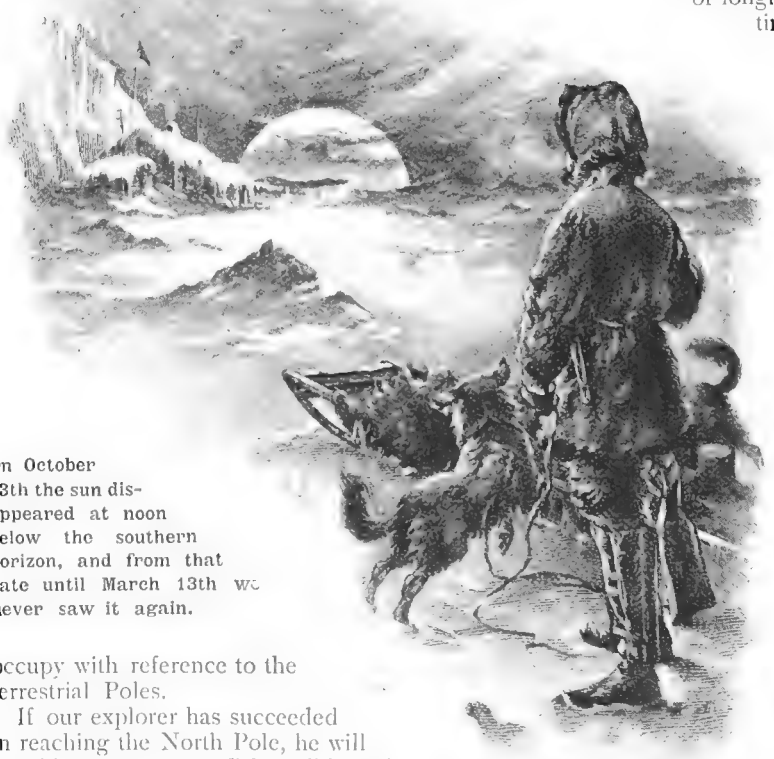

On October 13th the sun disappeared at noon below the southern horizon, and from that date until March 13th we never saw it again.

occupy with reference to the terrestrial Poles.

If our explorer has succeeded in reaching the North Pole, he will be able to assert, as Othar did, and without fear of contradiction, that he has "rounded the point of the globe beyond which it again sinks to the south"—in other words, that he has reached a position where nothing could be to the north of him.

For instance, should Herr Andrée ever have succeeded in reaching the North Pole in his plucky and adventurous balloon voyage, he would have experienced no difficulty in returning to the south, for the simple reason that he could not have been blown further north, for every wind *must* be a fair wind, *i.e.*, it will blow him south. Obviously, the North Pole differs from any other place in the northern hemisphere, inasmuch as it cannot possibly have any place situated to the north, to the east, or to the west of it.

Another peculiarity consequent on the unique position of the Pole is that there is *no time* there! Let me explain why I am theoretically correct in making such a startling announcement.

Those who are conversant with the use of globes know that all the meridians of longitude, starting from the equator, converge towards, and meet at the Pole. They know, too, that longitude signifies time, and that difference of longitude is difference in time. They know very well that when it is noon in London it is about seven o'clock in the morning in Boston, and that when it is noon in San Francisco it is about a quarter-past three in the afternoon in New York.

Now, as the meridian of London extends to the North Pole, it necessarily ensues that when it is noon in the English capital it must also be noon at the North Pole. In a similar manner, when it is noon at Boston, or in San Francisco or at Pekin, or any other place situated in the northern hemisphere, it follows that it must also be noon at the Pole, because all the meridians of those places unite at the North Pole; therefore it is noon all day long at the Pole.

Thus there is an entire absence of time at the Pole, but it would be just as correct to say that it is a place where there is a preponderance of time, for it is, practically, any time of day during the whole twenty-four hours, or, indeed, throughout the year. In fact, a resident at the North Pole could make it any time of day he might choose to select, with the consciousness that it would be the *right* time.

To say that the sun is always on the meridian at the Pole, and not only on it at noon and midnight, as it is in other parts of the world, would be to assert something that would expose me to severe and just criticism at the

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hands of men of science, but there is no disputing the fact regarding the peculiarity with reference to *time* at the North Pole that I have commented on.

There is, of course, an almost imperceptible increase or decrease, according to the time of year, in the diurnal altitude of the sun during the summer months at the Pole, but it would be almost impossible, even with the finest and most delicate of instruments, to detect the actual moment of the sun's passage of the meridian.

The greatest altitude attained by the sun at the Pole is, of course, on June 21st, when it reaches its highest northern declination, on which day the altitude and declination would be the same. The altitude would then gradually decrease day by day, until the sun crossed the Ecliptic at the first point of Libra on September 22nd, on which day an observer at the Pole, if his vision was bounded by a clear sea horizon, would see the sun making a complete circuit of the heavens, with its lower limb just touching the horizon, until it would very slowly disappear below it, to be no more seen until it recrossed the Ecliptic at the first point of Aries, on March 21st, the following year.

The day at the North Pole, then, is one of six months' duration, to be followed by a long dark night of the same period.

It may be interesting to relate the exact amount of light and darkness which I experienced during a winter passed in the Arctic regions within 460 miles of the Pole.

From the time of crossing the Arctic Circle until we established ourselves in winter quarters on the third day of September, we rejoiced in one long continuous day. On that date the sun set below the northern horizon at midnight, and the daylight hours gradually decreased until the sun disappeared at noon below the southern horizon on October 13th.

From this date until March 1st, a period of 140 days, we never saw the sun; but it must not be supposed that because the sun was absent we were living in total darkness, for such was not the case.

In fine weather, during the long night of 140 days, the stars shone out bright and clear.

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During the month following the disappearance of the sun, and for a month prior to its return, we enjoyed for an hour, more or less, on either side of noon, a glorious twilight; but for three months it may be said we lived in total darkness, although, of course, on fine days the stars shone out bright and clear, rendered all the more brilliant by the reflection from the snow and ice by which we were surrounded, whilst we also enjoyed the light from the moon in its regular lunations.

On December 21st, the shortest day in the year, the sun at our winter quarters was at noon 20 deg. below the horizon. I mention this because the twilight circle, or, to use its scientific name, the *crepusculum*, when dawn begins and twilight ends, is determined when the sun is 18 deg. below the horizon.

On our darkest day it was not possible at noon to read even the largest-sized type.

Yet another peculiarity connected with the position of the Pole is that, in consequence of the compression, or flattening, of the earth at the Poles, weight is somewhat affected.

For instance, a pound of lead, or any other substance, would weigh more at the North Pole than at any place south of that position, in consequence of the Pole being nearer to the centre of the earth and therefore more under the influence of terrestrial gravitation. According to Newton, a body weighing one hundred and ninety-four pounds at the Equator would increase one pound in weight at the Pole, simply because the Pole is thirteen miles nearer to the centre of the earth than any place situated on the Equatorial belt.

The limit of this article has been reached, but I hope that I have said sufficient to show that the North Pole and its immediate neighbourhood possess peculiarities that do not obtain in other places situated in the northern hemisphere, and therefore, if only on account of the interesting and curious conditions that are found to exist there, it is a region well deserving of further investigation.

A HORSE IN MINIATURE.

THE animal held by the man in our photograph is not, as some might suppose at first glance, a young donkey. It is a full-grown horse that can run and trot and gallop in as fine style as any English thoroughbred or Arab barb. The weight of the curious little creature is only a few pounds, and when it stands upon the ground its head comes very little higher than a man's knee. Its strength is by no means trifling when the size of the horse is taken into consideration; and one of the most curious sights in the American cities which it visits is the queer little animal harnessed to a miniature carriage, with all the appointments of a rich turn-out, walking through the streets followed by an admiring crowd.

This horse in miniature is remarkably intelligent, and is as much attached to its master as is the proverbial "noble beast" of the Board School reading book. It follows him about, eats from his hand, and neighs with evident delight whenever it sees him approaching. The little creature can perform a number of clever tricks, which excite the wonder and amusement of onlookers. It is perhaps unnecessary to remark that its training has been wholly characterised by kindness on the part of the owner, who never uses a whip, and in fact never finds such chastisement necessary.

From a Photo

A horse in miniature.

The strangest fact in connection with the midget horse is that its sire and dam are of ordinary proportions.

When the little colt was born, it was feared that it would not live long. But the greatest care was taken of the tiny creature, and now the owner has the satisfaction of possessing the smallest horse in the world.

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By M. McD. Bodkin, K.C.

The young, but already eminent Nisi Prius leader, Mr. Anthony Carver, K.C. gazed in perplexity at two retainers that lay side by side on the writing table of his chambers, with twisted cheques tucked into the red tape that tied them.

The two retainers were strangely endorsed, like yet unlike. On one was written in a clear, clerkly hand,

"Godfrey, Duke of Wildermer."
Plaintiff,
Harold, Marquis of Winthorpe by his mother and next friend Mamie, Duchess of Wildermer.
Defendant."

On the other,

William Stubbs.
Plaintiff.
Harold, Duke of Wildermer by his mother and next friend Mamie, Duchess of Wildermer.
Defendant.

On both was Mr. Carver's own name in full, but on one he was retained for the plaintiff and on the other for the defendant.

Mr. Carver, K.C. was puzzled. He recognised of course, at a glance that the retainers were from the opposing parties in the same case, in spite of the difference in the endorsement. Which should he accept?

"They came together, Jerry?" he asked of his clerk who stood by the table waiting.

No man, woman or child but himself had ever yet ventured to call that lank, lantern-jawed Jeremiah Thornberry, "Jerry."

"At precisely the same moment, sir," Jeremiah answered slowly, "and the fee marked on both is the same. Lockard's clerk and Ledwich's clerk burst into the office together and crammed the papers into my hand together. Each swore he was first and both begged me to bring the retainer at once to you. I don't like to trouble you, sir, about trifles," Jeremiah went on apologetically, "but this case seems a little—if one might say so—peculiar."

"Decidedly peculiar!" assented Tony Carver, K.C. "What on earth is that now?"

There came a sharp impatient rap at the outer office and a turning of the door-handle. Then followed the swishing of a silk skirt across the room. The door of the inner

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office opened without any knocking, and a lady sailed sedately into the room, followed by a tall, fair boy about twelve years of age.

She met the King's Counsel's look of surprise with a gracious nod.

"I am the Duchess of Wildermer, Mr. Carver. You will pardon me if I intrude; my business is very urgent."

"Won't Your Grace take a chair? Mr. Thornberry, you can go."

But Her Grace did not take a chair. She stood facing Mr. Carver—keen-eyed, bright-plumed, alert as a bird while Mr. Thornberry glided softly from the room.

"I am not too late!" she cried as the door closed on the retreating clerk.

Her quick eyes caught sight of the two retainers lying side by side on the lawyer's table, and read the endorsement.

Instantly she caught them up in either hand, held one behind her back and offered the other to Mr. Carver.

"You'll take this one—won't you?"

The voice was very pleasant, with just a slight, delicate flavour of the American twang, for Mamie Wolverton had come with her millions from Chicago to conquer the Duke and dukedom of Wildermer.

Mr. Carver smiled good-humouredly. "Must I?" he asked.

"Please!" There was a world of entreaty in the word, and bright eyes and smiling lips seconded the appeal.

"Your Grace shall be obeyed."

"Oh! thanks," she said as he took the paper from her hand. "And this?" she asked, showing a corner of the other obnoxious document from behind her back.

For answer he rang the bell and the clerk appeared.

"Take this retainer back to Mr. Ledwich," he said; "tell him I have been retained for the defendant. I'm very sorry."

"Not very sorry, I hope, Mr. Carver?" the Duchess interposed.

"Delighted to have Your Grace for a client."

"I'm delighted too, I assure you. The case means life or death, to me and my boy!" The bright face clouded as sudden as an April sky. The tears started to her beautiful eyes.

"Don't, my dear lady, don't do that! I promise you I'll do my best."

"Of course you will. That's why I came to you with a rush. My poor husband the Duke always said 'Tony Carver—your pardon, Mr. Carver—is the brightest chap at the Bar.' But I heard you were myself and that was good enough for me, so I wired to Mr. Lockard 'Have Tony Carver as my lawyer.' He wired back 'Fear Mr. Carver is retained on other side. Will brief Mr. Woolcombe.'"

"Woolcombe is his brother-in-law," Carver murmured under his breath, but the quick ear of the Duchess heard him.

"Oh! But I was not to be done, you bet. I wired again 'Insist, insist, insist. Get Tony Carver at any cost.' Then I took a special train and rushed up to town with Harold to make quite sure. I was only just in time. Which would you have taken, Mr. Carver, if I had not come?"

"Well, you see Ledwich is an old friend," Mr. Carver answered diplomatically. "And gives me all his business too."

"Then it was a win by a head!" she cried. "Harold, come here."

A frank, manly boy—a young aristocrat in every line of his handsome face, in every movement of his slim, graceful figure—came to her without a touch of shyness for the stranger.

The young mother laid a small gloved hand caressingly on his shoulder, and beamed on him with infinite love and pride.

"Harold, I want you to thank Mr. Carver with me. He has promised to protect us both."

"To do my best, Your Grace," Mr. Carver protested.

"Oh! I'm quite sure you will win."

"But you forget I have not the least notion what the case is about."

"Isn't it in your brief?"

"I have got no brief as yet. The retainer—this document—is a mere folded sheet of blank paper with the trifling addition of a cheque."

"Oh! for that matter I can tell you the whole case."

"I fear that would be hardly regular."

"Regular or not, you've got to hear it. You're my counsel now, you know. I want my luncheon badly; I hardly tasted my breakfast I was in such a state. You won't refuse, Mr. Carver, to take me to the Savoy to lunch. We can talk as we eat."

There was a great deal of human nature about Tony Carver, K.C. It was the secret of his success with the jurors. A dainty lunch at the Savoy with a dainty duchess as *tête à tête* was a bribe not to be resisted.

He bowed gravely with his very best professional air. "I am entirely at Your Grace's disposal," he said.

"But what shall we do with Harold? He doesn't want lunch. He crammed at a basket in the train coming up. Trust a boy for that."

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"The theatre," Mr. Carver suggested. "My clerk, Mr. Thornberry, would be delighted to take him. There is a mid-day performance at the Criterion, I think." He glanced at the amusement column of the *Times*. "Yes, two o'clock—would that do?"

"Scrumptious!" cried Master Harold, his blue eyes kindling with delight.

The Duchess nodded her consent.

"Then we may consider that settled," said Mr. Carver, and rang the bell.

'Mr. Thornberry," he said, "I'm going out for some hours. I shall be much obliged if you will kindly look after this young gentleman at the mid-day performance at the Criterion, and bring him to the Savoy Hotel when it is over, and perhaps, Mr. Thornberry, you would be good enough to call a hansom. Now, Duchess, I'm completely at your service."

All through the luncheon the Duchess chatted pleasantly of a thousand things, but never once touched the fringes of the case.

"You can go!" she said to the French waiter when the fruit stage of the luncheon was reached. "Smoke, Mr. Carver, I like the smell, and all men listen better when they are smoking."

"I was in love with the Duke, Mr. Carver," she began her story.

"Indeed!" ejaculated Mr. Carver, utterly bewildered with this abrupt opening.

"Yes, indeed, and indeed with the Duke, not the title. That's what makes this so terrible."

"What makes what?" queried the bewildered Mr. Carver.

"Please, please let me tell my story my own way," pleaded the Duchess. "I'll go straight enough when I settle into my stride.

"We were both young when we married—Godfrey and I—during my first season in London, and we hit it off together twelve years without a hitch. When he began to be restless I wasn't surprised and I didn't complain. It's a hard thing for a young man to be tied to any woman's apron strings for twelve years."

"That depends," said Mr. Carver with a smile.

"Oh! we'll take the compliments for granted if you please. I made no objection when Godfrey hinted he'd like a bit of a holiday. But, of course, I knew that man Bill Stubbs was at the bottom of it."

"Bill Stubbs!" cried Mr. Carver remembering the endorsement.

"Keep your hair on! I beg your pardon, Mr. Carver, restrain your impatience for one moment. Bill Stubbs was the younger son of one of the tenants on the estate, exactly the same age as my husband, and foolish people declared he was the facsimile of the Duke in appearance. I could never see it myself. There was a kind of likeness, certainly, but that was all. Well this Stubbs was a wild youth though very clever at the same time. At twenty he got into some sort of trouble, and ran away and joined the army, and served in South Africa for eight years. But for all his cleverness he never got beyond the rank of a private.

"There was some more trouble—I don't know what—and he was discharged and came back to live in the old place. My husband took a great fancy to him and by degrees promoted him to the post of head gamekeeper. I believe he was a wonderful shot, couldn't miss if he tried, my husband

She held one behind her back, and offered the other to Mr. Carver.

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said, and a terror to poachers. Godfrey was a thorough sportsman.

"That accounts, perhaps, for Stubbs having such a hold over him. He got sick of slaughtering pheasants year after year in the home covers. He wanted to shoot big game in Africa. Stubbs put that into his head, I believe, though whether the man had laid his plans at the time or not I don't know. But the long and the short of it is that about a year ago the Duke and Stubbs set out together with a whole armoury of rifles for the Cape.

"Godfrey cried—yes, Mr. Carver, actually cried, when he bade good-bye to the boy and myself. If I had said the word then I do believe he would have pitched up the whole job. But I didn't say it. I didn't think it would be fair to say it, so he went and—and—I shall never see him again."

The Duchess had told her story so far in a low, even, monotonous voice. Now without a moment's warning she burst into a passion of weeping, dabbing her eyes with a little rag of a lace handkerchief which was as useless as Mrs. Partington's famous mop to stem the ocean.

Mr. Carver would have dearly loved to comfort her. But he realised the danger of sympathy.

"Well!" he said in his dryest and most formal tone, "will you kindly proceed with your statement."

The voice and words brought her back with a jerk from the very verge of hysterics. She recovered as suddenly as she had broken down. For one moment she regarded the eminent King's Counsel with angry eyes that flashed through her tears. Then the brave, quick-witted little lady realised his motive and smiled on him.

"You are a real good sort," she said, and quietly resumed her story where she had left off. "At first I heard from him pretty regularly. He was having a high old time and wrote in the best of spirits. Then the letters stopped suddenly and I was crazed with anxiety. After about three months there came one day a Kimberley newspaper addressed to me in a hand I didn't know. There were two great crosses of red pencil on the front page and under them I read in big head-lines:

'THE DUKE'S RETURN.
A STRANGE STORY.
A COMRADE LOST AND A CORPSE FOUND.
WHO SHOT BILL STUBBS?'

"I begin to see a glimmer of light," murmured Mr. Carver.

"You'll have it in floods in a moment. I won't trouble you with the whole of the newspaper story. You can read it yourself later on. I kept it of course, though it made me mad at the time. To cut a very long story short it told how the Duke had come to Kimberley alone. He said that Bill Stubbs had heard of a gold mine from some natives, and had determined to push into the interior to look for it. But two days later quite by accident the body of Bill Stubbs was found in quite a different direction from what the Duke described, with a bullet wound from a modern rifle through his heart. There was a great fuss about the business, and there was even some talk the paper said of a trial for murder, but there was little evidence and no motive, so the matter was let drop. Perhaps, being a Duke had something to do with that, it was hinted.

"I was real mad when I read the account. I got ready to start out at once for the Cape. But the next day—no, the second next day—I had a letter to say he was coming home. The hand was his, though the style wasn't like his at all, stiff and formal. But I made allowance for all the trouble he had gone through, and when at last the boat came into Southampton, I was there with the carriage to meet him. I thought I recognised the figure and called out 'Godfrey! Godfrey!' He turned at my voice and came quickly to meet me with both his hands stretched out. 'My darling!' he cried, and would have caught me in his arms and kissed me. But when his face came close, I saw it was not he at all."

"It was not the Duke?"

"Of course not. It was Bill Stubbs. A sudden rage took hold of me and I struck him twice with my clenched fist on the face.

"'Why, what's the matter, Mamie?' he asked.

"'Impostor!' I shrieked 'Murderer! You have murdered my husband.'

"A crowd gathered. Oh! the cool audacity of the villain. He must have expected something of this kind.

"'My poor little woman,' he said gently, 'your brain is overwrought. You will be all right in the morning. John!'

"'Yes, Your Grace,' said my own coachman, touching his hat. I could have strangled him for it.

"'You will take the Duchess back to her hotel.'

"'Yes, Your Grace.'

"I was nearly smothering with rage. But I thought it the best thing to do, so I stepped into the carriage and drove back. The next

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morning the cool villain called, but I refused to see him. That same day I went back to London and put the matter into the hands of my solicitor, Mr. Lockard. Then by his advice, I rushed straight on to Wildermer Castle. Stubbs followed me there hot foot. But the servants took my word against his. Fortunately they were all new, and flung him out of the place."

"Well?" said Mr. Carver—for there was a pause.

"This is the cruellest thing of all. He went straight on to the dowager Duchess, and she received him at once as her son—him the murderer of her son—it is too awful to think of! But she always was an old cat. She hated me because Godfrey loved me best, I suppose. She believes it because she wants to believe it. There is a certain likeness I don't deny, and she never saw Bill Stubbs before.

"Anyway she has taken him to live with her, and introduced him to everyone as her son, and everyone accepts him as the Duke—he must be as clever as the Devil himself—and they say I'm mad. The old Duchess has given him the money to bring the action and—and—that's the whole story."

There was a long pause. Mr. Carver's face was expressionless as a stone wall. His whole mind self-absorbed left him unconscious of his companion and surroundings.

"Well!" said the Duchess impatiently at last.

He woke with a start as a sound sleeper wakens and looked at her vacantly.

"You are quite sure?" he asked.

"Don't talk rubbish," she answered—"as sure as death."

"It's a very difficult case," he went on slowly.

"Don't I know that! That's why I was so anxious to have *you*."

He smiled at the compliment—a grim resolute smile that boded no good for Mr. Stubbs.

"I have promised to do my best," he said simply.

"I ask no more. And here is Harold"—as the boy burst noisily into the room and ran to his mother—"come to help me to thank you."

"Not yet," said Mr. Carver, "the thanks must come later—if at all."

* * * *

The court was crowded; out to the doors and up to the ceilings. So sensational a case had not been heard of in

"Why, what's the matter, Mamie?" he asked.

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London for years. The newspapers had raved about it, and tickets for admission were scrambled for in society more eagerly than for the greatest social function of the year. The dramatic story with all its strange vicissitudes was followed with intense excitement.

For a month before the London newspapers copied the sensational stories and comments of the African press. There were portraits published of the living duke and the dead gamekeeper, and though the writers guarded themselves from any direct statement pending the trial, the suggestion was found in every line of their comment that the plaintiff's identity was beyond dispute.

The young duchess, at Mr. Carver's particular request, sat with her boy beside her in full view of the jury, and in her expressive face, as in a mirror, every changing aspect of the case was reflected.

From the very first the case went steadily against the defendant.

Mr. Wilberforce, K.C., as Mr. Carver was fain to admit, conducted for the plaintiff with consummate skill. He piled his evidence up to a climax.

First casual acquaintances, then relatives, then the dowager Duchess herself, all swore to the identity of the plaintiff with the Duke with a certainty that no cross-examination could disturb.

Mr. Carver, for the most part, contented himself with a few questions about William Stubbs.

All the witnesses who knew Stubbs, frankly confessed the extraordinary, the miraculous likeness, but each denied the possibility of his own mistake.

Even here Mr. Carver was handicapped by the knowledge that the young Duchess, if she got into the witness-box, would swear there was no more than a slight accidental resemblance between the two. If pressed on cross-examination she was capable of denying there was any likeness at all.

The evidence of the old dowager Duchess powerfully impressed the Court. The jury hung upon every word that fell from her lips. Mr. Justice Grant wrote continuously in his note-book. Her testimony was given clearly, distinctly, and with the manifest sincerity of honest conviction.

Finally a photo was put in her hand—an admitted photo of the Duke.

"Yes," she said with quiet decision, "that is a photo of my son the Duke of Wildermer, whom I see now in Court."

The photo was passed up to the jury box and there was conviction in their gaze as they glanced from the picture to the plaintiff who sat beside his solicitor.

"Do you see your grandson, the defendant, in court?" Mr. Wilberforce asked.

"Yes," and she looked steadily to where Harold sat with his mother, while the face of the young Duchess flushed with sudden anger under her steady gaze.

"That likeness speaks for itself," said Mr. Wilberforce glancing at the plaintiff, "I have no more questions to ask you."

The likeness between boy and man was certainly wonderful. The same clear cut aristocratic face with the curved line of the eyebrow, the slight dimple in the left cheek, the same wavy hair at the temples, darker in the man When Mr. Carver let the witness down without a question there was a long breath in court like a diver when he comes to the surface after a deep plunge. The tension of excitement relapsed. It was felt that the case was virtually over.

Then the plaintiff himself stepped into the box to clench the nails in the coffin of the defence. He was an admirable witness, brief, lucid, unobtrusive with the manners of a Duke. His examination was soon over and all vestige of doubt in the case seemed to end with it.

There was something like pity for Mr. Carver as he rose to cross-examine. But he seemed wholly unconscious of the helplessness of the effort.

"Do you see the Duchess of Wildermer in court?" he asked.

"My mother?"

"No."

"Oh! you mean my wife! Yes."

"Do you call that lady your wife?"

"Why, certainly!" with a confident smile.

But the eyes of the jury, following the eyes of the witness, read such honest indignant repudiation on the expressive face of the young Duchess, that some vague doubt began to assail their certainty.

So far, Mr. Carver had scored. He had got in the evidence of his chief witness before the close of the plaintiff's case, and without the peril of cross-examination.

But after that he seemed to grow prolix and uncertain in his questions. Twice he drew from the witness the willing admission that he had never been in the army—regulars, militia, or volunteers.

Then he cross-examined him at great length about William Stubb's military experiences, and the witness responded with unaffected frankness.

"William Stubbs," he said, "had been eight

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years in the army. No, he had never got beyond the rank of private. Could not say why Stubbs had never been promoted. It could not have been from any lack of aptitude. Stubbs was a fine, soldierly, well-set-up fellow."

It was noticed instantly that witness had a slight droop of the shoulders.

"You were about the same height?" asked Mr. Carver irrelevantly.

"Exactly the same height."

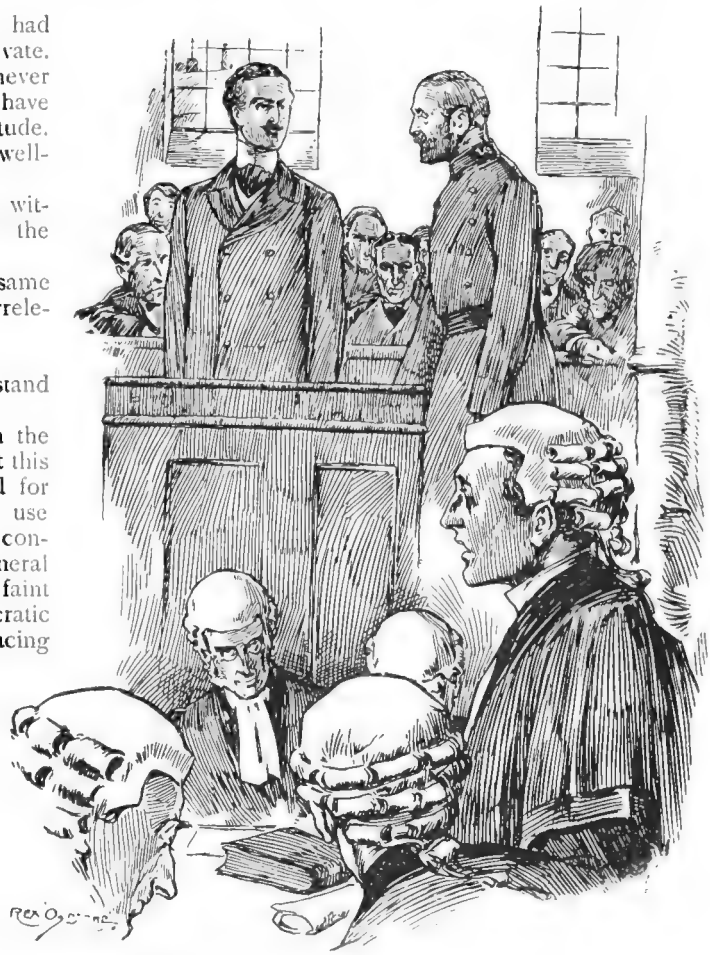
"Would Your Grace kindly stand up?"

There was a little titter in the court, even in the jury box, at this slip on the part of the counsel for the defence. His inadvertent use of the title was accepted as a confession of defeat. The general amusement was reflected in a faint smile on the handsome, aristocratic face of the witness as he stood facing Mr. Carver, with one hand leaning on the arm of the witness chair.

"'*Tenshun!*"

The cry of the drill sergeant from Mr. Carver's lips—sudden, sharp, unexpected as a pistol shot—rang through the startled court.

Instantly the long familiar sound flashed its automatic command through the unconscious brain to every muscle in the body of the witness. The drooping shoulders straightened and squared themselves; the arms stiffened and went down with out-turned palms to his trousers' seams. His heels came together with a sharp military click. He stood erect before the court, judge, and jury, the self-convicted soldier, William Stubbs.



For one moment he stood rigid as an automaton—no longer.

For one moment he stood rigid as an automaton—no longer. Then consciousness came. He saw the trap, he realised his fall and read detection in every face in court. Fear and rage quite mastered him. "Confound you!" he snarled at Mr. Carver, "confound you!" and leaped from the witness box and made for the door.

But the stern voice of the judge rang clear over the sudden din.

"Arrest that man!" he cried, and in a moment the fugitive was seized and overpowered by the police.

"Mr. Wilberforce," the judge went on with routine formality, "do you wish to proceed further in this case?"

"No, my lord."

"So I should expect from you. Gentlemen of the jury, you will kindly find a verdict for the defendant on all the counts. The plaintiff will remain in custody—the criminal law must deal with him. For my own part I venture to congratulate the Duke and Duchess of Wildermer on their escape from a fiendish fraud, and my friend, Mr. Carver, on its brilliant exposure."

Mr. Carver, K.C., took his triumph with the same imperturbable calm which he had displayed from the first. He seemed the most unconcerned spectator in the excited court, as, with the ghost of a smile on his clean cut, clever face, he quietly slipped his brief back into his brief bag.

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Making fire with two sticks by the "twirling" method, in which one stick is "twirled" into a small hole in the other.

MAKING FIRE

How fire is kindled without the use of matches.

BY RENÉ BACHE.

THERE are not many white men who are able to make fire by the primitive method of rubbing two sticks together. One, however, who can, is Dr. Walter Hough, of the anthropological section of the National Museum at Washington, and his dexterity in this line is so great, that, if he were cast away like Robinson Crusoe upon an uninhabited island, mere lack of matches would not bother him at all. He would simply look up a couple of bits of dry wood, and in a very few minutes he would be cooking an extemporised supper in front of a roaring blaze.

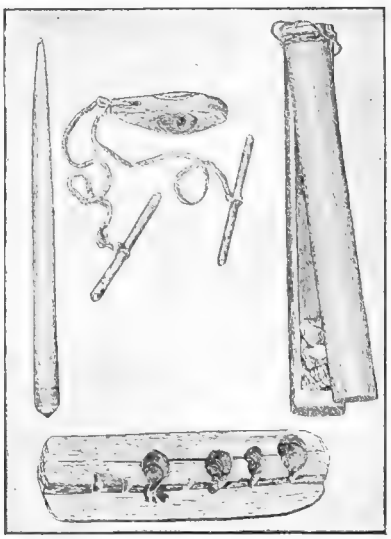
Dr. Hough insists that his possession of this notable accomplishment does not imply any special cleverness on his part. Anybody may acquire it, he declares, with a little effort and some patience. It is altogether a knack, which ought to be obtainable by almost any intelligent person who will take the trouble to study the directions given in this article. The possible value of the accomplishment can easily be seen.

Even scientific men have supposed that it was very difficult to generate fire in this primitive way—that it required special dexterity, such as only some savages are able to acquire, with long practice. This is not true, however. It is easy to produce fire when once the simple knack is gained, and the time needed is quite brief. Dr. Hough has made fire in twenty seconds with two sticks, and, with a slightly more complicated apparatus, the bow-drill, he has accomplished the feat in five seconds by the watch.

The writer has seen Dr. Hough make fire with two sticks, and the performance seemed easy enough. One of the sticks was laid on the ground, a small depression having first of all been gouged in it, and into this depression the point of the other stick was put. Then the second stick was twirled rapidly between the palms of the hands, which were drawn backward and forward past each other almost to the finger-tips, a strong downward pressure being given at the same time.

An all-important point in the preparation of the simple apparatus is a little nick or slot which must be cut on the edge of the lower stick, connecting with the hole in which the spindle stick is made to revolve. In this slot the dust collects, and, remaining in an undisturbed heap, seemingly acts as a muffle to retain the friction-heat until it reaches a sufficiently high temperature, when the wood-powder becomes incandescent.

Flame is never directly secured by the apparatus; the pinch of glowing dust must be placed in contact



Various instruments for making fire in use among the Esquimaux.

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with tinder and fanned to a blaze with great caution. Usually much smoke is generated in the operation. Great dexterity and quickness are often shown by savages in starting fire from the fresh-made charcoal, this part of the process requiring as much care and skill as the production of the spark.

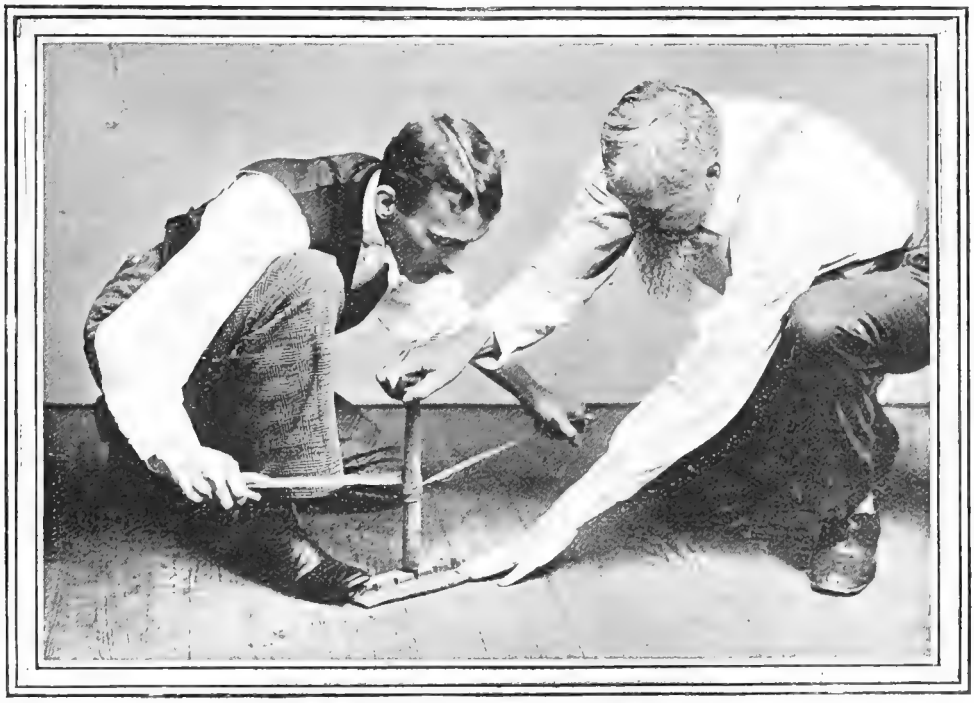
One of the earliest observers who described this method of making fire was Père Lafitau, who, in his work on "Customs of American Savages" published in 1724, says: "The Hurons, Iroquois, and other tribes make fire by rubbing two pieces of wood, one against the other. Taking two pieces of cedar, dry and light, they hold one piece firmly down with the knee, and in a cavity which they have made with the point of a knife on the edge of one of these pieces of wood, which is flat and a little larger, they insert the other piece, which is round and pointed, and turn and press down with so much rapidity and violence that the material of the wood falls off in a rain of fire by means of a crack or little canal which leads from the cavity over a match of frayed cedar bark. This match receives the sparks that fall and preserves them for a long time."

The Esquimaux improve on this method markedly by a slight modification, though it requires two persons to obtain the fire. The sticks they use are the same, and the principle is not in the least different; but the spindle-stick is made to revolve by means of a thong twisted a couple of times around it, the operator holding one end of the thong in either hand. By this means the stick can be twirled with great rapidity, but it has to be held upright by an assistant, who applies for that purpose, to the upper end of it, a cup-shaped stone, and presses down hard.

Another method of fire-making involves the use of the pump-drill, which, like the bow-drill, is a very ancient and familiar invention for boring purposes. Both of these kinds of drills were well known in Egypt at least fifteen centuries before Christ, and their employment in the production of fire is a mere after-thought.

The pump-drill shown in the picture is one that was utilised in making "new fire" at the White Dog Feast of 1888 by the Onondagua Iroquois, who, by the way, are probably the only people in the world who generate fire in this manner. It is thought to have been a white man's suggestion.

Thus far, mention has been made of only one method of fire-making, namely, that of twirling one stick upon another, the various processes described being simply different ways of causing the spindle-stick to revolve.



The two-handed fire-drill in use among the Esquimaux.

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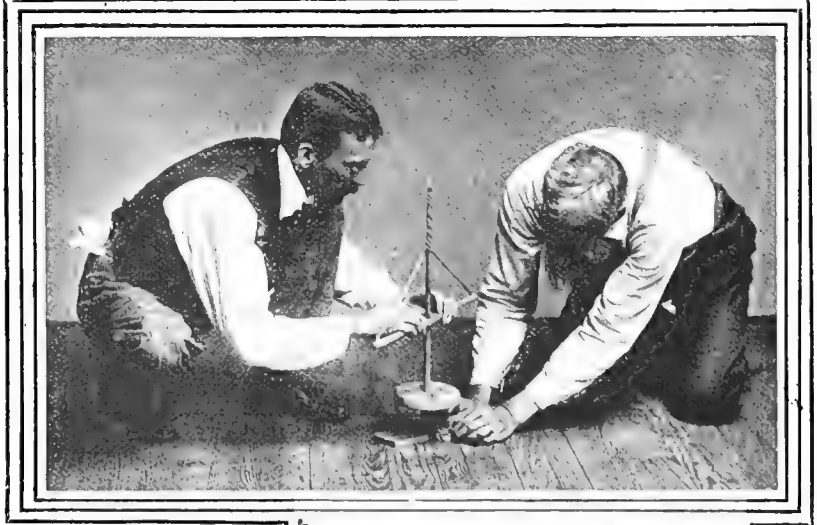
Other modes, however, are known to native peoples in some out-of-the-way parts of the world, and one of the most notable of these is found in Polynesia. It is called the "ploughing" method, and, as practised in Samoa, the instruments used are a short, cylindrical pointed stick and a larger billet of wood, on which latter a shallow groove has been begun. The smaller stick is clasped between the hands at an angle of forty-five degrees, and one end of it is rubbed along the groove in the billet, on which the operator kneels. As the rubbing is

Esquimaux fire-drill being manipulated by one person.



Pump-drill used by the Iroquois Indians. It is thought to have been shown them long ago by some white men.

gradually accelerated, a little heap of wood-dust is pushed to the end of the groove, and at length it ignites.

It should be realised that not every kind of wood will serve the purpose of the primitive fire-maker. For instance, it is practically impossible to make fire with black walnut, while, on the other hand, the starchy stems of flowering plants have always been favourite fire-

Making fire by the ploughing method.

generating material. Woods vary in combustibility according to their density and chemical constitution.

The Eskimo, obliged in his frozen Arctic home to depend upon the drift-wood he may chance to pick up, utilises for this purpose almost any kind of dry wood. His compound drill, with its strong pressure and high rate of speed, generating enough heat to ignite wood that could not be persuaded by an inferior contrivance to yield a spark. Generally speaking, wood that is soft from dry rot, or worm-eaten, is the best.

What is known as the Malay or "sawing" method of making fire is practised in the East Indies, in the Malay Peninsula, and in Sumatra, the Celebes, and the Sulu

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Archipelago. It is remarkably simple, a sharp-edged piece of bamboo being rubbed across the convex surface of another piece, on which a small notch has been first cut. Beginning slowly, the rubbing quickens gradually, until it becomes very rapid, the knife-like edge of the extemporised saw soon piercing the piece of bamboo beneath. Then, through the hole thus made the fine powder that has been rubbed off falls, incandescent, and ignites tinder placed beneath.

The sawing method used chiefly in Malay. Bamboo is the most suitable wood for this process.

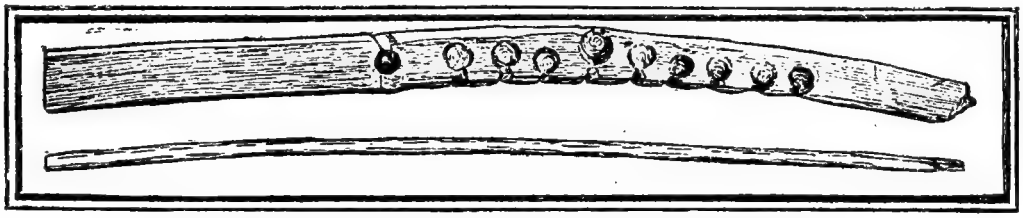
It is thought that Nature may have suggested the sawing process to fireless man. Mr. W. T. Hornaday, the famous naturalist, says that many fires are started in the jungle by the stems of bamboos rubbing together in a high wind-storm. The creaking is indescribable, and the noise of the rasping and grinding of the horny stems almost unendurable.

Most curious of all instruments used for the generation of fire is the so-called "fire syringe," which, oddly enough, is found in the hands both of the learned physicist and the untutored savage. Where and how it originated as a fire-making tool is unknown, but the principle on which it operates is the familiar one, that air gives up heat when compressed. It is employed by various tribes of Dyaks and Burmese, and varies in aspect from a mere cylinder of buffalo-horn with a hole bored in it for the piston, to a tube of brass lined with lead and highly ornamented.

A small piece of tinder is placed in the hollowed end of the piston, which is inserted in the mouth of the cylinder. Holding the latter in his left hand, the operator strikes the knob of the piston smartly with the open right hand, and forcibly enough to drive it home. The piston is then instantly withdrawn, and the tinder is seen to be alight. Gently breathing upon the spark, fresh tinder is applied, which catches fire immediately, and scraped wood and small sticks, successively added, yield the desired flame.

In Eastern Equatorial Africa the Wataveita generate fire in the common African way, by rapidly drilling a hard-pointed stick into a small hole in a flat piece of wood. The business of fire-making in this tribe belongs exclusively to the men, who hand down the art from father to son, and never (so they say) reveal the secret of it to a woman. One of the men, being asked why this was, replied: "Why, if women knew how to produce fire, they would soon become our masters."

Savages, quite naturally, imagine that fire actually resides in wood and in stone; for, if such were not the case, why should it come out when those materials are rubbed or struck? It can be persuaded to come out, however, only by vigorous manipulation. The first "steel," doubtless, was a bit of stone containing some iron.



The fire-making instruments in use by the Wataveita, a tribe of E. Equatorial Africa.

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HILDA

By J. J. BELL

ALL Spring I played the hermit, and summer found me still in town. I had not seen Hilda since the break-up of our platonic friendship, which event happened in February, but rumour had it that she and Greene, the dramatic poet, were engaged.

One day in early July I had occasion to lunch in the city, and as I entered the restaurant, I was button-holed by my old friend, Mr. Firkin.

"Very warm—ha, h'm—melted, boiled alive!" he gasped, wiping his forehead. Mr. Firkin has a chronic little cough, and a jerky way of speaking.

"Yes," I assented.

"Fine weather for sea-side—ha, h'm—yachting, bathing—ha, h'm."

"Yes!" said I again.

"Ha, h'm! I say, young man, you're looking seedy, washed-out, sick of life—ha, h'm! Better come with me to-morrow—ha, h'm!—Bracken Bay—nice house—lots of girls and boys—ha, h'm!"

Truth to tell I was feeling bad, mind and body, and I accepted the good man's invitation on the spot, and the next afternoon we travelled together to Bracken Bay, arriving there about six o'clock. We dined alone, the house-party having gone on a picnic excursion with the intention of walking home in the evening's coolness.

"Ha, h'm! Didn't say you were coming — pleasant surprise — ha, h'm! — young ladies!" chuckled my host over his third glass of port. "But won't keep you—ha, h'm! Take the high road past hotel—can't miss them coming home. Ha, h'm!"

I took his advice and one of his unsurpassed cigars and left the house. When I had proceeded a mile up the road as directed, the budding heather by the wayside proved so attractive, that I stretched myself thereon, intending to finish my smoke and await the passing of the picnic party. A beautiful white ash, fully an inch and a half long, had formed upon my cigar when something occurred to make me spring up and shoot it over my waistcoat.

My name was called, and by a very familiar voice. It was Hilda of all people; and I was thinking of a cold and distant greeting, when her pale face and breathlessness told me that she was in trouble.

She did not wait for me to speak. "Oh, Harry, have you seen him?" she cried.

"Seen whom?" said I, noticing that in her her excitement she did not even offer her hand.

"Mr. Greene. Oh, he'll be dead, he'll be dead!" she wailed.

"Hilda, try to explain to me what is the matter."

"Well, you see—but let us hurry on—you see, he has been staying at the hotel here, and he joined us to-day when we went to the picnic—and he wou'd keep with me—and then he proposed to me, and I said 'Oh, no!' —and then he said he would go and drown himself in the sea, and "—with a sob—"he's gone!"

"But when did he go?" I inquired, not without alarm. I knew Greene to be an excitable creature.

"About half-an-hour ago—and he left me on the moor, and I lost myself and I couldn't see any of the others—and I was so glad to see you—and oh, Harry, do let us run before it's too late. Perhaps it *is* too late!" she half sobbed.

It was not the time to express my candid

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opinion of Greene—or of Hilda. As we hurried along, I could only assure the trembling girl that a man who is going to drown himself always has one or two things to do before committing himself to the deep. For instance, I argued, he would settle his hotel bill, and tip the waiter and the boots, and leave word that he would not require breakfast in the morning. He might also have a will to make, and he certainly would not quit the world without leaving some written message to the cause of all his misery.

I must have talked a volume of nonsense whilst we covered the distance to the hotel. I don't know whether Hilda heard me or not, but I had to prevent her speaking and breaking down again. Any hard thoughts I had possessed, melted at the sight of the pretty, pathetic, frightened little face. When my stock of suitable remarks had reached a distressingly low ebb, the red sandstone of the hotel appeared through the trees in front of us.

"Now Hilda," said I, "you must wait here and be patient. Try to recover yourself while I go in and see about Greene."

"If he's there, oh, tell him not to be rash. Explain that I'm not worthy of him, Harry."

I was several yards away when I heard her last message. "But I *couldn't* marry him."

* * *

"Is Mr. Greene in the house?" I asked of the boots who was standing on the hotel steps.

"One minute, sir, and I'll inquire." It seemed an age till he returned. "He's in the coffee-room, sir. He has just ordered supper. Shall I say you wish to see him?"

"No; don't trouble. I'll go in." I was boiling with wrath. Supper, forsooth! and poor little Hilda half mad with fear. As I entered the room Greene looked up from his note-book and smiled slightly. "Hullo! Derry, when did you arrive?"

"Just in time," said I.

He evidently grasped my meaning, for his face turned a sulky red. "It's none of your business," he grunted.

"There we differ."

"I always suspected—" he began.

"I always thought you a fool, but never a knave until to-night," I said candidly.

"Oh, I know you're fond of her—and you're welcome."

"You're a beastly cad, Greene," I said softly. "You would frighten a girl to death for the sake of your infernal dramatic notions. You'll put her into a poem, I suppose."

"Yes; and publish it," he drawled. "It has been very amusing all along," he continued; "a series of new sensations. Your platonic friendship was an exquisite comedy."

"Never mind that. What I want is, that you leave here by the early steamer to-morrow morning."

"And if I don't?"

I pointed to the supper which the waiter brought in at that moment. "'*Supper*

"Oh, Harry, have you seen him?" she cried.

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"Hullo! Derry, when did you arrive?"

versus Suicide' is a title which catches the eye, I think, and 'Greene, a dramatic poet,' is as good a name and designation as any."

"Would you dare—" he spluttered.

"Anything," said I.

"It was only a joke."

"Your jokes are singularly feeble, Greene. You will leave here to-morrow morning." Then I left him muttering to himself.

* * * *

I hastened back to Hilda.

"Were you in time, Harry?" she cried before I reached her.

"Yes; I saw him. You may set your mind at rest, Hilda; he has been persuaded to live, and he is leaving by the morning steamer. Now, don't cry, or I'll go back and say you don't want him to go."

"Oh, Harry, I only want to cry because he isn't drowned, and because I'm glad he is going away."

"Not a tear," I said sternly, as we walked towards the shore.

"I don't want to go home," she said in reply to my inquiry. "The others can't have returned yet."

"Shall we go down the pier, then?" said I; "it's dreadfully sultry to-night."

It was a breathless evening; the water looked like oil, and a yellowish haze hung over the bay. For a long time we stood leaning on the rail at the pier-head, as silent as the things around us. It was growing dusk. I had finished my second cigarette, and heard the end hiss in the water below, and the last puff still lingered above us, when Hilda spoke.

"I didn't know you were coming to-night."

"I wasn't aware you were here," I returned.

Another long silence.

"How many more hearts are you going to break, Hilda?" I said carelessly. "Perhaps I should hardly ask that, though, seeing we are but mere acquaintances."

"But we're friends again, Harry."

"No; but you can answer the question if you like."

"One," I fancied I read on her lips.

"Whose is it to be?"

"My own; and I think—"

There was a brilliant flash of light, and immediately after a roar. A strange hissing noise came over the sea.

"Quick, Hilda; come in here!"

A tiny waiting-room stood at the pier-head, and into it we stepped, as another flash flared out, followed by a louder peal which rolled and rattled among the hills. The rain drummed on the zinc roof of our refuge. Hilda sat down in the farthest corner.

"Are you afraid?" I asked.

"N—no."

"That's all right," I said cheerfully, though it must be admitted that secretly I was sorely disappointed. "This storm ought to clear the air," I added, merely for the sake of saying something.

"Ought it?" said Hilda, for the same reason, I fancy.

"Well, I hope it will."

"So do I."

There was a pause in our conversation, and I betook myself to the door, where I stood with my back to Hilda and my face to the greasy, bubbling sea. Groaning in spirit, I leant my arm against the door-post and watched the beads of water from the roof run up, or rather down, my sleeve, deriving a sort

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of insane satisfaction from the addition of bodily discomfort to mental misery. I did not blame Hilda at all; yet, foolishly enough, I could not stop wishing that she would exhibit some little alarm at the flashes of light which were now both vivid and frequent; and I fell to speculating whether she would have shown fear had my place been occupied by some other man from the crowd that had been dancing attendance on her during the past year. Greene, of course, was dismissed; but that fact only made me wonder who the happy man could be, for surely there was such a person when Hilda had, in the flush of her renewed friendship, admitted that she was breaking her own heart.

Thus despondently I pondered till an appalling crash, the loudest peal so far, rent the air. "Hooray!" I cried aloud, in the bitterness of my despair.

From her corner Hilda whispered "Harry!" but I feigned not to have heard. She did not repeat my name, however, and I cursed myself for not having answered at once, and waited anxiously for another thunder-clap. It came; but no little voice followed it. The temptation grew too strong for me, and at last I glanced round. It was almost dark in the waiting-room, and Hilda, in her white blouse, looked like a dainty ghost.

"Are you finding it very dull?" I inquired politely.

"Please come inside," she said coldly, ignoring my question.

"Are you afraid I might get struck standing here?" I asked sarcastically.

"Ah!" she exclaimed suddenly, her face illuminated and pale.

"A glorious flash!" I remarked pleasantly.

"Come inside at once!" she commanded.

"It won't hurt you," I said gently. "And you're not frightened, are you, Hilda?"

"A—a little," she murmured, hiding her face in her hands.

"Come over here, Hilda," I said presently; "I've made a fairly comfortable place for you."

But she did not move.

"There are earwigs and beetles where you are," I added after a moment. The effect of my remark was altogether unexpected. She remained where she was, and then in the dim light I knew she was crying.

I went over and sat beside her, but she motioned me away. "Hilda," I said, "if you are breaking your heart, won't you have mine for company?"

"Oh, Harry, you just say that because you are sorry for me."

"I say it because I've been sorry for myself ever since . . . ever since I behaved like an utter fool. And I'll never be glad unless you are glad with me."

She looked up at me through the most wonderful and beautiful tears. "Oh, Harry."

There was another lurid flash and a deafening roar, and she hid her face again—but not in her hands.

* * * * *

The storm had passed, and we two went out into the cool, clear night. The summer was new again. The sea had shaken off its sickness and broke in hushed laughter.

"It's wonderful how thunder clears the air!" I remarked thoughtfully.

Hilda laughed. "It is, indeed, Harry," she said softly.

We passed up the avenue to the house, and the sounds of a banjo and a girl's voice came out to greet us. It was very dark at the door.

"Don't, Harry," whispered Hilda.

But I did.

And so we left the night behind us.

Nobody should miss the first instalment of H. G. Wells' delightful serial,

"THE SEA-LADY,"

in the current

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

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The famous weighing-house at Alkmaar.

THE HOME OF THE DUTCH CHEESE

By V. Gribayedoff.

Photographs by C. Van der Aa.

I had been advised by a Dutch acquaintance to visit Alkmaar, and early on a bright Friday morning I entered the special market train at the Central Station at Amsterdam, and started on my journey. Alkmaar is the actual centre of the cheese trade in North Holland, the greatest cheese-producing country in the world. Fully half the product of the entire province passes through the portals of the ancient city to be disposed of at its market place in the shadow of its famous Waaggebouw or scales-house. The melodious distant chimes from the Scales House spire announced the approaching end of the journey, and a glance from the carriage window presented an imposing view of the beautiful mediæval town with its outlying park and its score of ancient towers and steeples. My fellow passengers were, for the most part, Amsterdam and Haarlem cheese merchants, and a large procession of hacks and vehicles of every description were awaiting them at the railway station, which is about a mile from the market-place.

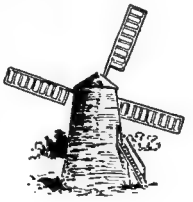
The townsfolk seemed to have turned out *en masse* to greet the new comers. Besides pedestrians, the streets were filled with queerly draped waggons of antique pattern, driven by peasants in blouses and sabots. Some were accompanied by their wives, attired in the quaint head-dress and jewellery peculiar to North Holland. All these people were following the same direction as ourselves, and I learned that their vehicles contained the precious product they were expecting that day to turn into shining guilder pieces.

Presently we turn a corner and the market appears in full view. Imagine an open oblong space of ground of about an acre, covered with mounds of large golden spheres, resembling at a distance giant Florida oranges.

In the narrow intermediate spaces stand rows of stolid sun-burned peasants and city cheese dealers, while all along the edge of the mass run the hired carriers in white duck suits and straw hats of variegated hues, groaning in couples under the weight of untold numbers of cheeses, which they transport on barrows of a bygone pattern. They are making extraordinary time for Dutch labourers, but an explanation of this anomaly is subsequently found in the fact that a reward awaits the couple who have disposed of the largest quantity of merchandise during the day.

The canal, with its numerous transport boats, borders the square on the west, rows of old-fashioned two-storey dwellings border the north and east, while on the southern end arises the stately Waaggebouw, already mentioned, resplendent in its carvings, mouldings, and frescoes, and proudly bearing the weight of its old Dutch belfry of thirty-five bells.

We find, on consulting the town's records, that the "Waagrecht," or scale rights, were acquired by the municipality as early as 1651, by special act of the States-Provincial, signed by William of Orange. In the following year the old Geethuis, or hospital, was purchased, and partly rebuilt and refitted as a municipal weighing-house. This is the building of to-day.



The scales in use at present were made in the year 1692 by one John Groengraft, of Amsterdam, for the sum of 858 guilders, and that he furnished a good piece of mechanism is apparent from their durability and their accuracy, which has never yet been questioned. The beautiful

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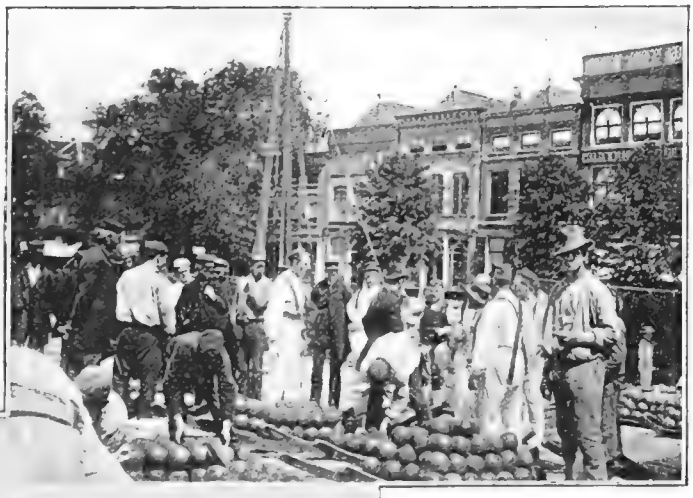
chimes are the work of Melchior de Haze, of Antwerp, and are accounted among the best in the Netherlands. They were put in place in 1687, and comprise nine large-sized and twenty-six smaller bells, with an aggregate weight of metal of 14.385lb.

The "Waagrecht" gave the town of Alkmaar the practical control of the cheese trade within a circumference of many miles, and albeit the product itself is better known abroad as cheese of Edam, the name of a rival centre on the Zuyder Zee, Alkmaar has always held her own as the great mart of Holland. An idea of the proportions of her trade may be gleaned from the fact that considerably over 5,000,000lbs. of cheese have been weighed in the "Waaggebouw" in one year, this being the largest record for any town in the world.

Operations in the market-place are liveliest about noon time. On the stroke of the clock, the chimes burst forth in melody and fill the air with the strains of some modern comic opera. On the day of my visit the selections were from "Cloches de Corneville" and the "Mikado," and I must confess the combination of such music, with the surroundings, impressed me as being somewhat incongruous. Would-be sellers gathered round their respective piles of the sticky, oily globes, awaiting the approach of intending purchasers.

The method of ascertaining the quality of the wares is simple enough. The buyer takes up a cheese at random, prods it vigorously with his thumbs to test its consistency, and being satisfied with that, runs a long, narrow scoop into its centre and extracts a sample of cylindrical form. He either tastes the end or rubs it between his fingers, and then replaces the cylinder so neatly that the incision becomes imperceptible.

Now comes the bargaining, which, however, in view of the small fluctuation in the market prices of cheese, seldom lasts long, and, an agreement being arrived at, the contracting parties clap hands three times with a peculiar swinging movement, and this concludes the sale. The buyer beckons to the carriers, whom he has engaged for the day,



Before the scales.

A discussion as to price.

and the cheeses are at once piled on the barrows and carried to the weighing-house.

Each pair of scales weighs two barrows of cheeses at a time, and the average weight of a barrow is about 500lb. A weighing fee is, of course, chargeable according to weight. The cheeses are made in spheres of three sizes, respectively of 4lb., 8lb., and 12lb., and the best quality

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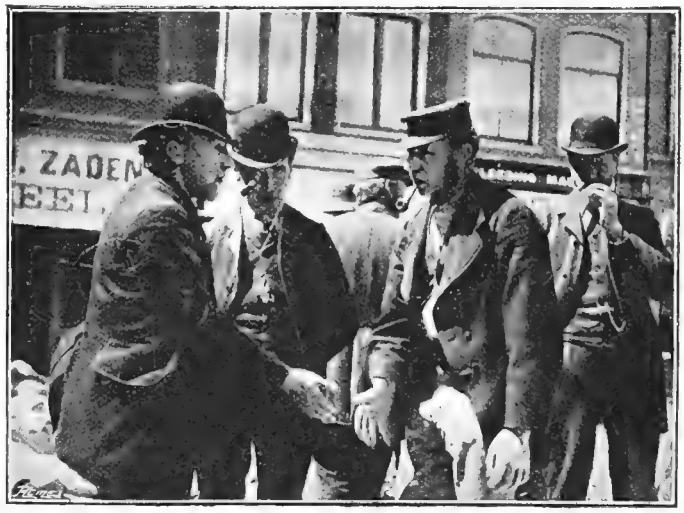


Concluding a bargain with a slap of the hand.

fetches about twenty guilders, or about thirty-five shillings per 100lb. Immediately after being weighed and marked off, the barrows are carried to the canal boats near by, and the cheeses are rolled one by one into the hold, through a wooden chute, to be transported to their various destinations. Before exportation they are given a coating of vegetable red, and it is in this guise that they are known and recognised the world over.

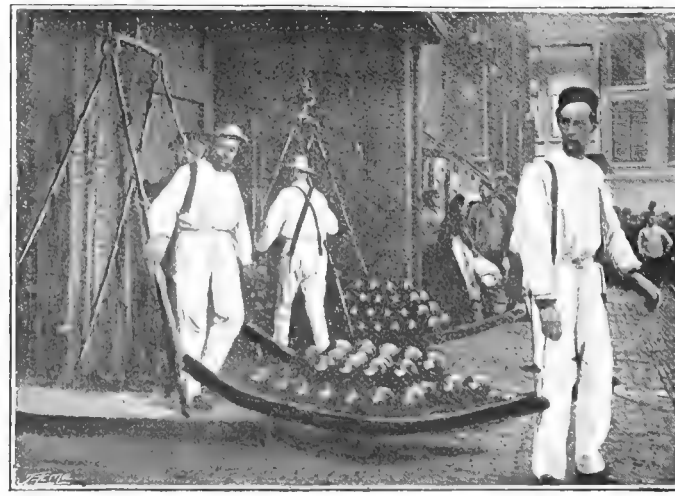
I doubt whether at any other function the national characteristics of the Dutch peasant appear so plainly on the surface as on a market-day of this kind. Even at the height of bargaining he preserves his phlegmatic demeanour; and not until his cheeses are sold and paid for, and he has repaired to the neighbouring *tappery*, or drinking saloon, where his wife is awaiting him, does he begin to unbend, under copious libations of gin bitters.

The only real excitement I noticed during the entire day's proceedings was occasioned by the falling of a twelve-pound cheese into the canal. This casualty caused a rush of all hands to the water's edge, and I thought for a moment somebody was drowning. Poles, hooks, nets, and prongs were produced, and there ensued a systematic "dragging" of the canal. The crowd watched this with almost anxious interest, not a suggestion of a smile on any face. Their earnestness finally aroused my mirth, and turning to one of the onlookers, an elderly individual in a frock coat, I asked in as good Dutch as I could muster why so much fuss was being made over a paltry cheese.

"*Bliksem en Donder*," was the reply in a tone of sharp rebuke, "*weet U niet dat het een waarde heeft van onderhalve gulden!*"

Which freely translated might mean: "Great guns, sir, don't you understand that it's worth over one and a half guilders" (about half-a-crown).

Realising that I had been guilty of exhibiting an unseemly spirit of levity, I subsided into silent contemplation of the proceedings, which very soon after reached their climax. The cheese was caught up in a crab net, and carried very tenderly to a near-by pump, where, after a few minutes' doucing, it was taken to the chute to join its fellows in the canal boat hold.



The scales at the "Waaggebouw."

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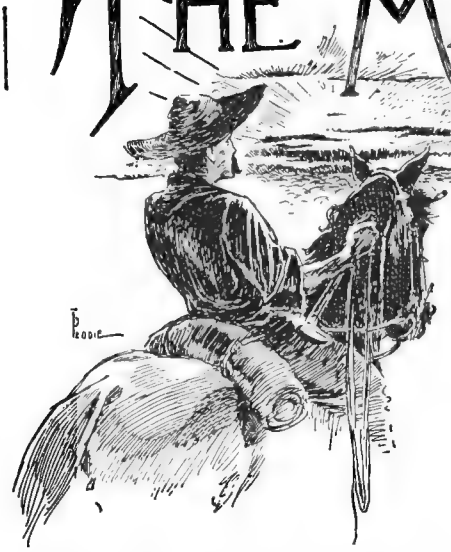
THE MATING OF BILLY THE LAG



By G. Firth Scott.

George Baines, young, fresh-faced, and enthusiastic, was having his first taste of Colonial experience by following at the tail of a mob of travelling sheep across the seemingly endless plains and interminably monotonous country of inland Australia.

There were other men of the party, men who had been long in the hot, dry atmosphere of the interior, living the hard rough life of the bush on the hard rough fare that serves in the outlying flanks of the Empire, until their skins were hard and sun-scorched, and not an ounce of superfluous flesh remained on their bones. They were men to whom the day's work was only as arduous as circumstances compelled them to make it, but to whom the presence of the jackeroo, as they termed Baines, was a perfect godsend of amusement in an otherwise every-day life.

Baines was fresh-faced and enthusiastic, attributes which were both especially entertaining to the wiry, parchment-skinned bushmen. The former made him peculiarly attractive to the many mosquitoes to be found in the bush, the latter made him an easy, a ridiculously easy, victim to the many practical jokes that his bush-hardened companions played upon him. He was so innocently enthusiastic over the land of his origin that it was only necessary to suggest that any trap, which had been laid for him, contained difficulties with which no Englishman could cope, to insure Baines dashing into it blindly. This always resulted in the intense delight of his tormentors and the subsequent discomfiture of the victim. Not even the constant recurrence of being victimised impressed him with the folly of his enthusiasm; but the fact that he always kept his temper, was always good-natured, and bore no malice, made him popular, in a way, with his companions, in spite of his freshness.

Only one was there towards whom he showed any resentment—old Billy the Lag, a tough wizened relic of the bygone days when inforced immigration was the fashion, and a man was visited with the severest punishment for what, very often, was no offence at all.

To such as Billy, the beauties of straightforward honesty were not self-evident, and so he resented the candour of the new-chum, until, at length, the young new-chum resented the resentment of the elder man, and from that a feud sprang up.

"You and your country!" the old man snarled one evening, when round the camp-fire pipes were glowing and young Baines had been sounding the praises of the land he had so recently left. "Why did you leave it if it's such a fine place? There's plenty here as knows it and don't think much of it. It's only fit to breed new-chums and make a market for our sheep."

"Is it?" retorted Baines. "It has produced the finest men the world has ever seen, and it is the greatest country—"

"Poof!" Billy interrupted, "fine men indeed! Why, there's not one can beat our boys. Who's the best rower and the best rider and the best cricketer and the best football player and the best judge of a sheep, or a bullock, or a horse, if he ain't Australian? You talk, you do; and you ain't been in the country a year. Why, you ain't lived till you came here."

"Good iron, Billy," someone on the other side of the fire called out, for it was the sort of thing to make Baines rise in all his patriotic pride and work himself into such a state of excitement, that any trick, no matter

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how transparent, was good enough to catch him. "That's the talk, Billy," the man continued, "England would shut up shop if it weren't for the Australians. We're the people who make England."

"Though most of you did leave it for its own good," exclaimed Baines fiercely.

There was a momentary silence round the fire, for the gibe was one which was bound to hit Billy in a tender spot, and the men were curious to see what would come of it.

"Because we're better men than those we left behind us and don't you forget it, young fellow," Billy snarled again. "Better *in* everything, *at* everything, and we're always on to meet any of your sort at any game they care to mention, and to thrash 'em at it too!"

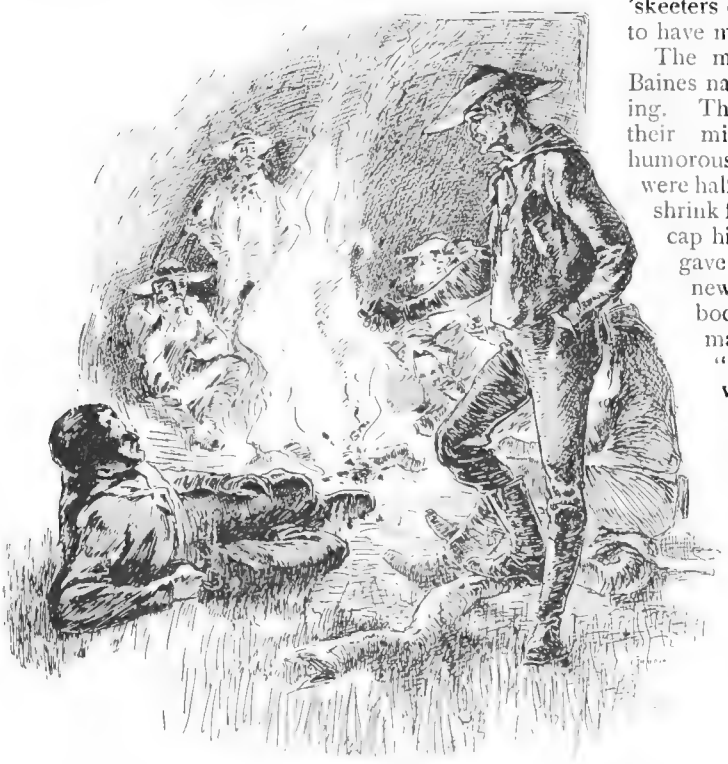
"Are you?" retorted Baines, "then meet me—any of you."

"*You*," answered Billy, with a wealth of scorn in his voice. "*You!* A pink-faced new-chum! Why, the 'skeeters ain't finished with you yet. You're their property for years yet. A nice, soft, little new-chum with pink cheeks and skin worse nor a baby's. Why the 'skeeters would lay you out if they once got a fair hold of you!"

"I can stand as many as you can, anyway," Baines answered, for the shout of laughter which greeted Billy's remarks nettled him, and when he was nettled he talked wide of the point.

Billy rose from where he was sitting and stood in the full light of the fire, looking down at the young Englishman whose eyes were ablaze with his enthusiasm and his wounded vanity.

"Can you?" said Billy quietly. "Then we'll just start on our game right there. We'll let the 'skeeters have first round. We'll just ask them to decide between you and me, and say who's the best man. To-morrow night we're due off Billabong swamp. There's rushes at the end of the swamp, and 'skeeters, 'skeeters by the ton if you want 'em. We'll try just there, you and me. We'll strip to the waist and sit with our backs to the swamp, when the sun goes down and the 'skeeters come up; sit till the 'skeeters get to work, and then sit till one or the other has had enough and goes back to the camp, a beaten man. That's clear, ain't it? There's no swindle in it? It's a fair fight, and to make it all square, I'll allow we can smoke, and that'll keep the 'skeeters off your cheeks, which seem to have met some already."



"There's rushes at the end of the swamp, and 'skeeters, 'skeeters by the ton if you want 'em."

The men round the fire watched Baines narrowly as Billy ceased speaking. The suggestion opened up to their minds such a promise of humorous entertainment that they were half afraid the new-chum would shrink from it. The hopeless handicap his toughened, sun-dried skin gave the old bushman over a new arrival with his plump, soft body and warm, thick blood made the proposition absurd.

"I don't care where it is nor what it is, I'll meet any of you anywhere, for the sake of old England," Baines began, and the shout of delight from his comrades round the fire drowned the remainder of his remarks.

"You take the game on?" Billy asked, when the hubbub subsided.

"Yes, I do," Baines answered proudly.

"Your blood's a bit thick, young fellow," one of the men said quietly.

"It isn't white, anyhow," Baines retorted.

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"And your skin's a bit soft yet," another put in.

"Well, my pluck isn't, and Englishmen don't funk over scratches and pin-pricks. I'm not afraid of your mosquitoes nor your jeers either," Baines answered warmly.

"'Tisn't the first time *his* back's been bared," the man next to him said under his breath. "You're a plucky young chap but—"

Baines turned quickly.

"I don't care if it's the first time his back's been bared or not," he exclaimed loudly.

"You young fool," the man muttered, for the words made Billy's brows come lower over his eyes and his mouth close harder. The man had intended to give a quiet hint to the young new-chum, but Baines, stung into anger, was ready to charge anywhere, like a bull at a gate. Without a thought he uttered what was a terrible insult to the old convict whose record included many a flogging at the triangles in the bygone days of the transportation system.

"You can stow that talk," another of the men said quickly. "A man's past is his own business. You play fair. We'll see to-morrow night how much your talk's worth."

The personal reference to Billy's past, all unconsciously as it was made by Baines, introduced a strained feeling into the atmosphere of the camp. For the rest of the time which intervened before the blankets were spread, and the men not on watch wrapped themselves up and went to sleep, little was said. But the challenge and the acceptance of it were not forgotten, and by the next evening, when the outskirts of the swamp were reached about sunset, jests and badinage poured from one man to another on the subject of the coming contest.

The swamp stretched out beyond a fringing clump of ti-trees. It was an unhealthy looking place, with a belt of reeds, wind torn and withered, rising above the miry pools of water which were all that remained of what, in the rainy season, was a wide expanse of lagoon, and which gave the place its aboriginal name of Billabong, or dead water. A tongue of the swamp, covered with reeds, ran out from the main body, and by the edge a dead tree lay where it had fallen, half buried in the soft ooze of the soil.

The low sweeping rays of the setting sun tipped its smooth bleached surface with a streak of ruddy colouring that showed brilliantly against the growing purple of the shade and mist beyond, and from the shelter of the reeds and the rank grass and sedges there came a constant ripple of frogs croaking in chorus.

As the sun disappeared below the horizon and the momentary half light reigned before the dark came down on the land, the log showed gaunt and uninviting against the white wreaths of mist that rose from the swamp as if by magic.

"There'll be 'skeeters enough down there to carry off a bullock," one of the men said with a loud laugh. "You'll think you're on Norfolk Island again when they get at you, Billy, and as for the new-chum—"

Billy grinned and glanced at Baines who stood looking across the dismal, dreary solitude of the mist-covered swamp.

"Oh, he won't mind 'em," he said, and then he laughed, not too pleasantly, as he saw Baines suddenly pat his cheek where a mosquito had alighted. "They've smelt you out already, have they?" he added. "You want to cry off, perhaps. Maybe you'd like some other game? A talking match, or blowing about what you're going to do when you're back home again?"

Baines, with his jaws square and his face set hard, made no answer, but undid the leather belt from round his waist and drew his shirt off over his head. Still without speaking, he drew his singlet off, and then stood where the firelight played over his naked chest and back, played bright enough to show to the watching men where a score of mosquitoes settled on him like flies on to treacle. The quiet determination of action touched the rough untutored natures of the men around him, and one of them, the one who had whispered the hint the night before, gave voice for him.

"Now then, Billy, that's up agin you," he said. "Don't keep the show waiting."

Billy muttered an observation which was not entirely moral as he flung off his hat and stripped off his shirt and stood with the firelight streaming over his back, over the scars and furrows cut by the lash of the convict flogger years before on Norfolk Island.

The hard tough skin fitted tightly over the muscles and the sinews that stood out like cords on his frame and arms, buff in hue save where the ugly scars showed red. It was a striking contrast to the pinky-white flesh and rounded lines of the young Englishman, and in the minds of all the onlookers there was no question as to how the contest would end. Already the mosquitoes were crowding on to the skin of the new-chum, but not one wasted its time on Billy.

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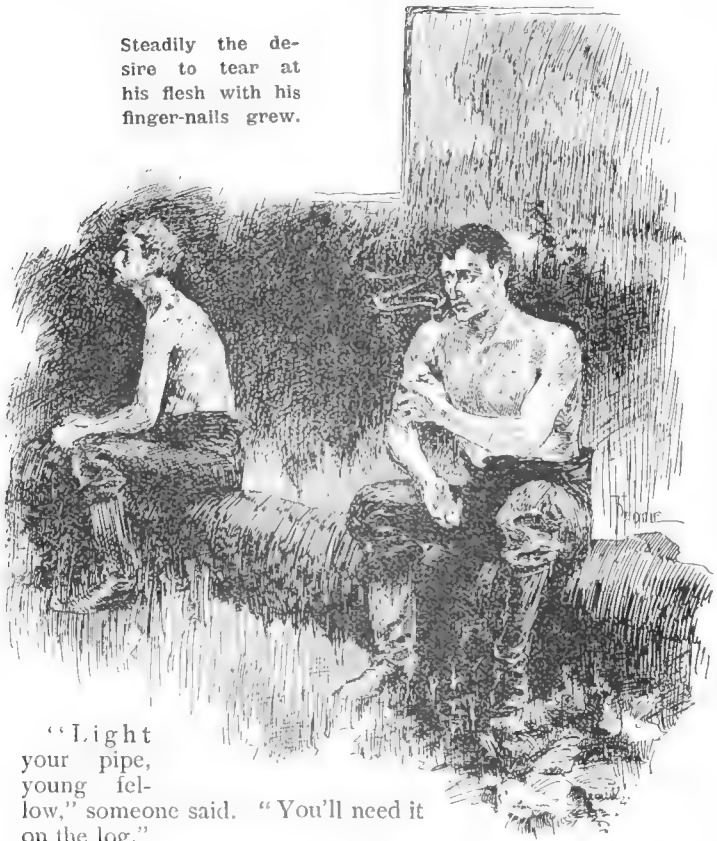

Steadily the desire to tear at his flesh with his finger-nails grew.

"Light your pipe, young fellow," someone said. "You'll need it on the log."

"Thanks, it's not necessary," Baines answered.

Billy sniffed contemptuously as he stepped up to the fire and, with the aid of a blazing twig, proceeded to light the heavy charge of coarse tobacco he had stuffed into the bowl of his big, well-seasoned briar.

"Now we'll make a start," he said, as he walked off in the direction of the log, Baines starting after him amid shouts of laughter from the men.

"Mind the bunyip don't get you," one shouted after them.

"Be easy with the snakes," another cried.

Billy called back to them, but Baines walked on in silence.

The croaking of the frogs ceased as they approached the log, but another sound reached them, the sound of a low hum above which came notes of a high, shrill ping-zing as an individual mosquito floated near their ears.

Billy puffed out a dense cloud of smoke, and for a moment there was a cessation of the high, clear notes, but only for a moment. The smoke floated out behind him as he hurried on, for Baines, without a waver, walked up to the log and, turning his back to the swamp, sat down, bolt upright, with his hands on his knees. Billy followed his example, and then the hum grew louder and stronger and the sharp ping-zing notes more clear as a swarm of hungry insects came out from the swamp and the reeds and the mist as though they had been waiting for the arrival of the two men.

The frogs began their chorus again, chirping and squawking as is their habit, but their noise was barely perceptible through the hum and buzz of the mosquitoes which even Billy felt as they settled on his skin or beat against it in their haste to find a spot for their sharp, needle-pointed probosces.

Round his neck, on his ears, over his arms, from his finger tips to his shoulders he felt them, while on his back and chest there was an irritation as though a thousand itching, teasing demons were trying to find a way beneath the armour of his sun-dried skin and reach the sensitive fibre of his nerves. He smiled grimly to himself as he puffed vigorously at his pipe and felt the irritation cease round his neck and on his ears as the heavy reek of his tobacco floated on the still air and enveloped his head. The new-chum had no pipe, and Billy smiled again, glancing covertly out of the corner of his eyes at the motionless figure beside him.

Through the dimness the naked flesh of the young Englishman showed white, and Billy knew that by this time there would scarce be an atom of it that was not tingling with a maddening irritation. His own back was beginning to feel something more than irritation, and if his toughened flesh were affected, what must the other man be experiencing? Why, something so near torture that no human nature could stand it.

Still the humming buzz went on, and still Billy could feel the myriad of minute insects settling upon him and striving to pierce through his skin, and he moved uneasily. Steadily the irritation was increasing,

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steadily the desire to tear at his flesh with his finger-nails grew, and he puffed harder at his pipe to keep himself from swearing, and from fidgetting and twisting.

Again he glanced covertly at the figure of the man beside him. The white form was rigid and still, and so far as Billy could make out, Baines had not moved a muscle, had not flinched or wavered, while he—an ugly suspicion flashed through his mind and turned the direction of his thoughts.

Had the new-chum played a trick on him? Had he rubbed some stuff on his body that kept the mosquitoes from biting him? Had he some scheme that prevented him from feeling the stings that were even now growing unbearable to the tough weather-beaten skin of the old bushman. The thought made Billy writhe—the thought and the ever-increasing tingling, burning irritation on his back, his chest, his arms, his neck, and even his face and ears.

No new-chum could stand half the pain he was now enduring, pain that grew greater every moment, pain that made his nerves twitch and quiver, and his muscles ache and throb as they never had before, not even when the lash of the cat had cut into his flesh and re-opened the half-healed wounds of a former flogging. It was horrible. It was excruciating. It was wildly, fearfully agonising, and Billy felt that another minute of it would be more than he could endure, more than he could bear in silence.

His back was beginning to experience a new sensation, and one that was more straining to the nerves and mind than those that had gone before. It was as though red-hot needles were boring holes into him, holes through which a scalding fluid was being forced into his blood and was flowing through all his veins, eating into his flesh and burning its way wherever it went.

The agony was intense, the strain overwhelming. To sit still as the Englishman was doing was more than he could do, but yet if he moved he would be defeated, and what would his life be worth when the yarn got abroad, how he, tough old Billy the Lag, had been beaten by a raw new-chum in a contest with mosquito bites?

The thought of the defeat, once hardly possible but now weighing upon him with almost unavoidable certainty, added to the tortures Billy was experiencing. Writhing as he sat, his muscles were twitching and his skin quivering, and as a momentary relief he raised his hand to his pipe. His fingers closed on the bowl and were burned as by a flame. In his nervous anxiety he had been puffing at his pipe until the heavy charge of tobacco was a glowing coal and the bowl of the pipe was almost red hot.

Here was a chance of escape from the defeat that frowned over him; here was a means of salvation which the cunning brain of the old ex-convict seized upon with avidity. Smoking fiercely so as to avoid a failure of his scheme, Billy looked covertly at his opponent again. Baines was sitting exactly as he had been before, still and rigid.

"He ain't human, or he's bluffed me," Billy thought as he took hold of the pipe close up to the mouth-piece and passed it quietly behind Baines, reaching out until he guessed the bowl was opposite his spine. Then he inverted it and pressed it firmly against the young Englishman's back just where the naked flesh met the waistband of his trousers.

A wild yell of agony and fear startled the croaking frogs into silence and roused the men round the camp fire into energy and activity, and Billy saw his opponent spring to his feet and rush away to the camp shouting, "A snake! a snake! a snake has bitten me!"

As he disappeared in the gloom Billy threw off his reserve and gave vent to his pent up feelings in a string of vituperative opinions that would, had they been potent for evil, have wiped off the entire mosquito family from the face of the earth. With both hands he busily sought some relief from the irritation of his skin, rubbing himself with some of the cold moist earth to check the burning agony of his flesh.

Then he slowly walked to the camp fire by the side of which, as he approached, he saw the new-chum kneeling, while the men gathered round him trying to find the mark which the fangs of the snake had made. Had twenty snakes bitten him the marks would not have been discoverable on the back that Billy looked upon, for it was horribly blistered and swollen to an abnormal degree. Not a pin's point could be placed where a mosquito had not bitten him, and Billy looked at it open-mouthed.

He had thought the young new-chum was playing with him; that the mosquitoes were not able to bite him, or that he was unable to feel the sting of their bites through the use of something he had rubbed on his skin. The crafty old man had feared defeat because

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that defeat meant disgrace to him, and disgrace through the trick of a new-chum was not to be endured. But Baines had evidently played no trick; he had played the game fair and square and with an amount of pluck that was beyond the comprehension of the old ex-convict, but not beyond his admiration. Physical pain is the standard of discipline to the brutal, and the capacity to withstand physical pain with stoical indifference is the highest quality of manhood amongst others than Red Indians.

Amongst the men sent out in thousands to the penal settlements it was the men who took their punishment with the chain-gang or at the triangles without a whimper who were the heroes of the others, and Billy had long since lost reverence for everything save physical courage and the power of withstanding pain. That was his fetish, his ideal, his one conception of nobility.

With the memory of the agony he had experienced, and the difficulty he had had to withstand it still in his mind, he looked at the token of suffering which the Englishman's back presented to him, suffering a hundred times greater than he had felt, and suffering that had been borne without the slightest suspicion of a waver. Such courage over-awed him; such pluck won his homage.

The men, knowing nothing of the actual facts of the case, regarded the new chum's insistance that a snake had bitten him as being merely a ruse—and, for a new chum, a clever ruse—to cover him from the ignominy of defeat. There was laughter in their eyes and grim smiles on their lips as Billy joined their throng.

"He'd have beaten you but for the snake," one exclaimed, as he winked at the old man.

"The 'skeeters wouldn't touch him while you were there," another said, as he pointed to the kneeling figure of Baines. "Look at him! Not a mark beyond where the snake bit him."

"It wasn't a fair match," cried a third. "The new chum could have won hands down if it had been. Trust old Billy to get in all the luck he can."

Baines turned on the man who had spoken last.

"It was a snake," he exclaimed. "And I'm on to meet any of you to-morrow night and beat you—bar the snakes."

A shout of derisive laughter greeted his words, but the mirth subsided when the men saw Billy go to the side of the new chum and hold out his hand.

"Put it there, young fellow," he said. "Put it there. I'm proud to own you beat me. By Gad, boys," he went on, turning to the men who were watching him with open-eyed wonder, "you can't beat British pluck, not even in Australia. That wasn't no snake, young fellow," he added as he looked again at Baines, "That was the ashes out of my pipe. I tell you square. I thought you'd bluffed me and wasn't playing fair, so I put my pipe on your back. The 'skeeters would have shifted me in another second, tough and hard and scarred as I am. But as for him, boys, he never moved a hair till the pipe took him. Look at his back, that'll show you what he bore. I'll own up. He beat me fair. British pluck ain't to be played with, and this young fellow's got it to his finger nails. I'm proud to own to it, young fellow. You beat me, but you're a white man, and if you'll have me, I'll be mates with you till I'm done."

"A snake! a snake! a snake has bitten me."

"What sort!" one of the men called out as Baines took Billy's proffered hand and shook it, and the sound of the mighty shout with which the men greeted the compact almost started the sleeping sheep on a breakaway, and effectually quieted the frogs; for from thenceforward Billy and Baines were "mates," and the making of a mate-ship is an important function in the bush.

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Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

Bed-time.

These highly civilised monkeys undress and sleep in beds like human beings.

HAM JUNIOR, TOM AND SALLY.

The Three Most Civilised Monkeys in the World.

By E. M. Alborough.

Some years ago a statement was published in the papers to the effect that an American naturalist had discovered the language in which monkeys and apes conversed, and was about to publish a dictionary or grammar which would enable enthusiasts to spend an interesting and intellectual afternoon in conversation with the denizens of the monkey house at Regent's Park. But the naturalist soon vanished from the public view and his book has never made its appearance.

But though this has never come about, it seems that a trial has been made to see how far monkeys can be raised by initiating them into the mysteries of civilisation, including a knowledge of the English language. This seems to me an excellent and praiseworthy project. The monkey, as it is commonly seen to-day, is a most objectionable little creature, whether it be in its native forests or in a debased form of civilisation, attached to a barrel-organ or making faces through the bars of its cage at a travelling menagerie.

Monkeys of the first type have a rather embarrassing habit—every African explorer says so in his Book of Travels—of throwing cocoanuts and other light and handy missiles at all intruders in their forests. The other two types of monkeys have, in addition to their natural mischief, a certain low cunning, acquired from contact with debased humanity.

The first time that I ever felt any animosity against the race of monkeys was when I was on a visit to a menagerie. I had allowed my curiosity to triumph over my caution, and had approached so close to a cage that one of the monkeys inside was able to stretch his arm out and seize my hat. Having done this, he retired to the back of the cage, and there proceeded to tear it to pieces before my eyes in a most scientific and methodical manner, to the great delight of the rest of the spectators, chiefly consisting of small and dirty boys who had crawled in under the canvas, and who seemed to think this was a regular feature of the show.

But the properly civilised monkey is a very different creature to this. The photographs

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Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

The sleeping beauty.

Ham junior, a monkey prodigy who numbered talking among his accomplishments.

we reproduce here will serve to show that he has become versed in many of the refinements of civilisation, and doubtless in time the results will be even better.

It is to the orang-outang species that the monkeys in our illustrations belong, and they have progressed so far in the refinements of civilisation that there are only a few things which human beings do which these educated monkeys cannot. The most important of these failings is, of course, their inability to speak; hitherto the most accomplished monkey has never amassed a vocabulary of more than three words: "yes," "no," and "mamma." This monkey—whose name, by the way, was Ham junior—is shown in one of our illustrations.

He is the sole survivor of a batch of fifteen brought over from Borneo some four years ago by Captain D'Oste.

His education was undertaken by the wife of his owner, Madame D'Oste, and she went about her difficult task with great judgment. The first problem was how to teach Ham to eat like a civilised being instead of grabbing up his food in his paws. This was solved by placing his food in a very deep cup and giving him a spoon.

Ham's natural intelligence at once showed him the use of the spoon, but he at first made the mistake of bringing his provender from the depths of the cup by means of the spoon and then laying it down on the table to be grabbed up in his fingers. Madame D'Oste cured Ham of this habit by placing a hungry child at the table beside him. Directly Ham laid the food down the child would snatch it away. After a while Ham realised what was going on, and foiled the child by carrying his food directly to his mouth by means of the spoon.

At meal times he fetches his chair to the table, sits up like a regular member of the family, eats his meal decorously and daintily with his napkin tucked under his chin, and behaves altogether with excellent manners.

Ham's behaviour is a source of wonder to all who see him, and he does a good deal of travelling, visiting America and other places with his master and mistress. So far as the writer knows he has not yet visited this country; when he does he may be certain of a right royal reception.

No less remarkable than Ham junior are the monkeys who figure in the other two illustrations, Tom and Sally, with their offspring, a promising juvenile as yet un-

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named. These monkeys are not such great linguists even as Ham, but they are not a whit behind him in the other refinements of life. They wear clothes, they sleep in beds, they sit in chairs; they receive their visitors in the drawing-room, shake their hands, and ask them to be seated in the most polite fashion.

Tom and Sally do not seem to object to publicity; indeed, as a rule, their domestic harmony is a model of connubial bliss. Occasionally, however, the crowds that flock to see this remarkable family are treated to an exhibition which is not in the programme —in other words, a fight between Tom and Sally, who have become so far civilised as to indulge sometimes in a free fight.

Usually, however, life flows quietly along, beginning with breakfast, which the family eat sitting at table, and using plates, cups, and spoons; then follows the business of the day, which consists of receiving visitors, taking a meal at about twelve o'clock in full view of the crowd, and the evening entertainment, when both husband and wife go through their various accomplishments. Lastly comes the well-earned rest, taken in bed, like real human beings.

Such is the progress that has been made hitherto by the hairy scholars in the school of civilisation. Of course, not every species of monkey is capable of such advance, and even the orang-outang's capacity is limited in some directions.

For though Ham junior may be able to articulate his three words, it is not likely that any of the monkey race will ever become unpleasantly garrulous. Indeed, on the whole, it is probable that they will remain almost silent so far as English or any other human language is concerned. It seems that before much information can be gained from them we shall have to wait till that American naturalist actually does bring out his grammar and dictionary. May his publisher hasten it on.

Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

The patient.

Tom, Sally, and their son. These monkeys dress every day, and are versed in all the refinements of polite society.

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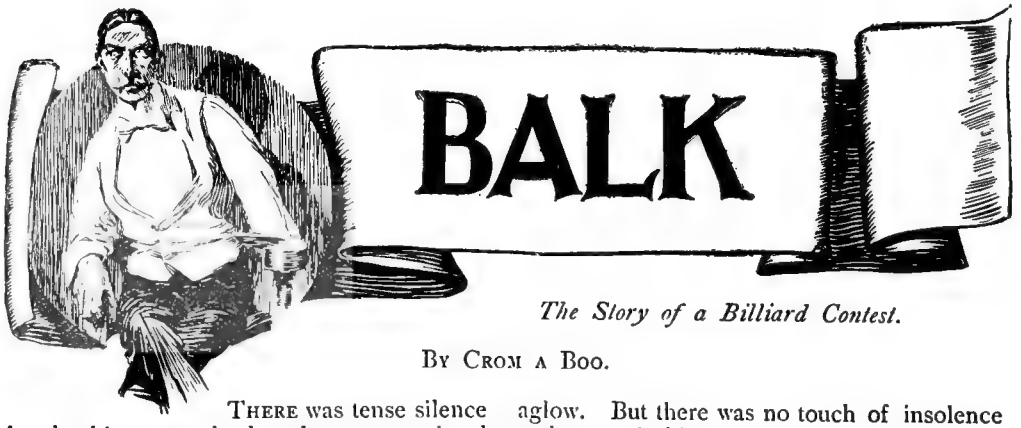

The Story of a Billiard Contest.

By Crom a Boo.

There was tense silence in the big room, broken by an occasional murmur of applause from the close packed benches that ran round the walls. Every eye was turned, every neck was craned, with keen interest towards a brilliantly lit table with a vivid green cloth where two men in their shirt sleeves alternately struck an ivory ball with a pointed stick.

Never before had the billiard room of the "Ready Money Down" club seen such excitement, for the two best amateurs in London—which means in the world—were matched for a £100 aside, just "to give an interest to the game."

Everybody liked Bob Ingram—nobody could help liking him. Quick, alive, alert, with his young life tingling vigorously to his finger and toe tips. He was good at all games, superlative at some—at billiards perhaps best of all. The club was proud of his play. He could give any man in it half his points and a beating. So it came about when Arthur Crooke — the Honourable Arthur Crooke—flashed into fame in the London billiard rooms, the club was wild that their man should meet and beat him.

"Bravo! Bob!" cried the irrepressible Johnnie Lambkin, and the buzz of applause deepened in the room.

"Four hundred and ninety. Ninety-two, ninety-four, ninety-seven, ninety-nine, Game!" went the monotonous voice of the marker.

Bob Ingram had run out in an unfinished break of seventy-four.

Five hundred to four hundred and thirty-seven! It was a victory to delight his admirers. They clustered round him, cigars in their mouths and long tumblers in their hands, boisterous in their congratulations.

Bob took his victory well; he was unaffectedly delighted as a schoolboy. His handsome face was radiant, his dark eyes all aglow. But there was no touch of insolence or hauteur in his triumph.

"The balls ran to order and I had all the luck of the game, Crooke," he said, as he stretched a friendly hand to his opponent.

The Honourable Arthur took the extended hand in a loose clasp and dropped it. His light moustache twitched with a sardonic smile.

"And all the play too," he said. "I'm sure you think so."

"Well, if you put it that way," Bob retorted sturdily, "I think I was in good form and played a decent game enough."

"Indeed! You practice a good deal on this table I should think, Mr. Ingram?"

Bob's handsome face flushed, and his dark eyes flashed at the insinuation.

"The table makes no difference," he snapped out.

"Oh!"

"All good tables are the same."

"You think so?"

Big Johnnie Lambkin squeezed himself through the crowd. "Crooke wants to play you on his own table" he whispered to Ingram—"don't!"

The caution acted like a challenge.

"You are not satisfied with to-night's trial, Mr. Crooke?" Ingram asked.

"Naturally not! I was beaten."

"I will give you your revenge on your own table."

"I should not advise you. The table does make a difference. I *always* win on my own."

The touch of insolent superiority in his voice made Ingram more keen.

"I'll take my chance. When shall it be?"

The men round the players had listened impatiently. Each felt the sneer in Crooke's voice and resented it as a personal offence.

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Now suddenly his whole manner changed.

"When you please," he said to Ingram, "if you must have it so. But take my advice and let the thing drop. If I was nasty just now, I ask your pardon. I'm a bad loser, I'm afraid; not used to it, don't you know."

He glanced round at the group of men, and with that glance included them all in his apology.

Genial, kindly-natured Bob Ingram was instantly mollified. "Don't mention it," he said. "I don't mind. But we must have our friendly game all the same."

"All right then if you insist. Would it suit you to dine with me this day week early? Shall we say seven? It will give us good time for our game afterwards."

"All right! I'm on."

"You come too?" Crooke said, turning to Lambkin who stood by with a sulky look that sat strangely on his boyish, good-humoured face.

"Thanks, no," Lambkin retorted briskly as a schoolboy.

"Do come, Johnnie?" said Ingram.

"To see fair play, you know," said Crooke, still smiling.

"If you put it in that way, I'll come," Lambkin replied ungraciously, "though it's a pretty tough job," he added under his breath.

Crooke took a bank note from his pocket and handed it over to Ingram. "The rule of your club, I understand, and a very good rule too. Good evening, gentlemen. Don't forget seven o'clock next Wednesday, Ingram."

"Not a bad sort," said Ingram, as the door closed behind Crooke. "A bit riled at being licked; that's all."

"A cad, if you ask me!" said a big man with a big voice explosively.

"Then I don't ask you," laughed Ingram, "nor you either, Lambkin. I can guess what your answer would be. Are you coming my way? You can blow off steam in the open air."

* * * * *

In was an exquisite dinner exquisitely served; glass, china and flowers—everything was perfect.

"Does the thing well at other chaps' cost," growled Lambkin, as he came into the room with Ingram.

Crooke welcomed them both graciously.

They clustered round him, cigars in their mouths and long tumblers in their hands, boisterous in their congratulations.

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He was an admirable host. His tall slim figure lounged languidly round the room, with a smile and pleasant word for every guest.

"A well-bred spider," was Lambkin's ungracious comment, "with a very pretty little parlour, an excellent cook and an abundance of flies!"

"Find your seats, gentlemen," Crooke called out when they tramped into the dining-room, and the guests—nearly twenty in all—settled into their places.

Protecting Lambkin placed himself resolutely at Ingram's right side; at his left was a man named Kit Fowler, whom the latter had last met some years ago under peculiar circumstances, and whom he did not care about. Fowler had apparently forgotten all about that little incident, and persistently ignored the chilliness of Ingram's reception.

"Our friend does the thing scrumptiously on a younger brother's allowance," he said to Ingram.

Lambkin overheard, and his wine nearly went the wrong way.

"Mr. Crooke is a friend of yours?" said Bob Ingram coldly.

"Rather!" Fowler answered. "We're as thick as thieves. He's about as smart as they make them. There are no flies on the Honourable Arty. By the way, Ingram, old man, I understand we owe the evening's spread to you?"

"To me! I was not aware."

"Oh yes, by Jove! You're the chief dish, don't you see, at the night's dinner. It's a way our friend Arty has when he has a soft thing on at billiards. The softer the thing, the better the dinner, and he is doing it particularly well to-night. Every diner here has been a dish in his time, ha! ha! you don't mind my little joke. You see Arty has taken them all on in turn at billiards and beat them out flat. He could paper his walls with I.O.U.'s from the crowd. All except 'yours truly.' I dine with Arty and drink with him and smoke with him, but I don't play with him—not good enough. Here's luck anyway"—and he tossed off a third brimmer of champagne, while at Ingram's right hand Lambkin growled, "I told you so."

The dinner passed off pleasantly in a quick procession of courses to the stage of the cigars, coffee, and liqueur.

The host's soft voice was heard again from the head of the table.

"Excuse me," he said, "we have no time to spare. Mr. Ingram, as you know, has promised us a lesson at billiards to-night."

"With limelight illustrations," said Kit Fowler, and he winked at the indignant Lambkin. "Come along, Ingram; there's no shirking it now."

For one instant Ingram's face looked wicked and his hands clenched. Then he laughed softly. "Come along, Lambkin!" he said. "The victim is ready for the sacrifice."

The billiard room was a marvel of taste and luxury, carpeted and papered in colours that were a rest and comfort to strained eyes. The carpet was dark green, deep as woodland moss, yet firm and springy withal. The paper was a soft blue, in pattern like stamped velvet. Some priceless mellow old coloured engravings on sporting subjects hung round the walls. Under them were rows of chairs, upholstered in green velvet, with a dainty marble-topped table in front of each chair.

"I wish it was boxing instead of billiards," Lambkin muttered as he saw the two men peel off. Ingram's lips were shut tight with dogged resolve. Crooke's long narrow pale face wore a look of easy, almost insolent confidence, calculated to exasperate or intimidate a man who had not his nerves in good working order.

"I'm ready," said Ingram shortly.

"What shall the game be?" asked Crooke.

"A hundred aside as before, I suppose. Does that suit you?"

"Perfectly; but I don't mean the stakes but the game. How many up?"

"Five hundred?"

"I would like two-fifty better if you don't mind. We will have nice time for five games. The best out of five will be more interesting."

"I don't mind in the least," Ingram assented.

"Two hundred and fifty then let it be. Will you lead off?"

Ingram played boldly at the red with a strong screw, dropped his own ball softly into the top pocket and brought the red into balk. Then he gave a safety miss. Crooke shirked the hard all-round cannon and dribbled his ball away up to the top cushion. Again Ingram played boldly, missed an almost impossible losing hazard by a hair's breadth and left an opening. Crooke went in and scored seventy-nine in a break.

Two to one on Crooke was freely offered in whispers all round the room. But Ingram got in a moment afterwards with a venturesome cannon which came off, and ran him even before he broke down. From that to

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the end of the game they raced neck and neck. At two thirty Ingram looked like an easy winner, but he broke down rather badly at a losing hazard in the top pocket, and Crooke got in and ran out the game.

"Will you excuse me for one moment," said Ingram when the murmur of applause had died away. "I would like to try that stroke again; I cannot tell how I missed it." He set the red in position and made the stroke he had missed, three times over with consummate ease.

"It is so much easier in practice than in play," commented Crooke with a provoking smile. "Double or quits on this game if you don't mind?"

Ingram nodded. Double or quits meant of course a hundred pounds on the second game, the same as for the first, but the phrase led insidiously to big betting, and perhaps Crooke meant it should. He won the second game more easily than the first, Ingram, who for the most part played brilliantly, again broke down twice at comparatively easy hazards at the top of the table. The third game went the same way.

"What shall the game be?" asked Crooke.

"What odds?" asked Crooke superciliously as he ran out the fourth game in a fifty five break—two fifty to one eighty four.

Ingram looked up puzzled. He had been softly feeling the cloth at the entrance to the top pockets where he had broken down so badly. It was smooth as satin. There was not so much as the roughness of a grain of dust under his inquiring eyes and finger tips.

"Odds! no, I think not. I mean to play this out squarely to the end. That's right so far, I think," and he scribbled an I.O.U. and handed it to Crooke.

"Eight hundred pounds!" said Crooke, "I had no notion it was so much."

"Double or quits again?" asked Ingram, poising his cue.

"Sixteen hundred on the game! Isn't that a bit too hot?"

"If you object, of course, I cannot insist."

"Oh! my dear fellow," said Crooke airily, "I don't object in the least. I only spoke for your own sake. Double or quits then let it be."

The interest grew more and more intense amongst the spectators. Cigars went out, or were fiercely puffed to a blaze. Drinks stood untasted, or were swallowed at a single gulp. The play was closer than ever. This time Ingram led from the start. A forcing hazard into the bottom pocket brought his third break up to ninety-seven—the longest in the night. But he was left with the red almost, not quite, touching the cushion just above the side pocket. He chalked his cue carefully for the next stroke and struck his ball high upon the inside. His ball glanced from the red without a kiss and went slowly up the table, hugging the side cushion and spinning as it went. But it boggled at the top pocket, paused a second, and hung over the edge.

Ingram glanced sharply round at Crooke who sat leaning forward, with his hands on the arms of his chair and a smile on his face. When he came in his turn to the table, Ingram

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walked straight across the room and sat down on his host's chair instead of his own.

With a soft screw Crooke just grazed the cushion, pushed his opponent's ball aside, and slid behind it into the pocket. The stroke left him an easy opening, and he put together a break of seventy-two before he broke down in a hard forcing shot the whole length of the table.

As he turned aside to his chair he was surprised to find Ingram there before him.

"Halloa!" he cried in a tone in which surprise was mixed with annoyance.

"To change the luck, don't you know," Ingram explained smilingly; "mine has been beastly bad."

"I don't believe in any of that rubbish!" Crooke retorted brusquely.

"Then you won't mind taking my chair for a change?"

"I'm used to my own."

"All right then, turn about, Box and Cox if you don't mind."

Crooke nodded assent a little sulkily and dropped into his chair, while Ingram went again to the table.

But his luck didn't change. When he looked most like winning he broke down at an easy shot, and again Crooke in a careful series of nursery cannons ran out the game two fifty to two thirty-nine.

As Ingram coolly wrote and handed him a second I.O.U. for £800, he glanced at a noiseless clock let into the wall. "Not twelve yet, Crooke!" he said carelessly. "What do you say—one game more?"

Crooke yielded with well-assumed reluctance. "I don't like taking your money, but I cannot well refuse if you insist."

"Double or quits again! three thousand two hundred, or nothing!"

"All right, but it is the last, mind you."

The spectators stepped back to their seats, and amid intense excitement the final struggle for the big stakes began. The click-clack of the billiard balls alone broke the dead silence of the room.

Presently it was seen that Ingram was playing a new game. He went in almost exclusively for cannons, with an occasional hazard in the side or bottom pockets. But he kept clear of the top pockets where he had broken down so often and so badly in the previous games. The restriction handicapped him heavily of course, and though his play was so brilliant and so sure, still Crooke drew steadily ahead, playing a steady all-round game.

The excitement grew keener and keener. It was noticed that Crooke looked nervous and anxious, and there was much whispered comment at the marked way in which Ingram tabooed the top pockets.

"He must go for the red now whether he likes it or not," muttered the irrepressible Fowler to the lifted shoulder and half-averted ear of the irresponsive Lambkin.

Crooke had just missed a fine losing hazard off the red. His own ball lay on the very verge of one of the bottom pockets. Ingram's was two feet behind in a perfectly straight line. The red about a foot off from the top pocket offered a tempting straight pot.

Ingram was not to be tempted. Again he chalked his cue with extra care. As a rule he played with lightning speed, but now he dwelt long upon his stroke.

A sharp touch low down made his ball go clean up from the table. It leaped Crooke's ball steeplechase fashion, on and off as a clever jumper leaps a bank, and kicking it back over the balk line itself, dropped softly into the pocket.

There was a burst of irrepressible applause at the daring brilliancy of the stroke. Crooke turned pale and tugged at his tawny moustache. Fowler was glum and silent. The game seemed safe in Ingram's hands. An easy half-ball cannon brought the balls together at the middle of the table. Tip tap went the cue like lightning, with two added to his score at each tap. Forty went on in twice as many seconds, and still the balls lie close together. Tip-tap! forty more is added without a pause. Two hundred and forty-five! forty-seven! forty-nine!" one more for game.

That last cannon was a shade too hard. It drove the balls asunder and sent the red close up to the right hand top pocket. Still the last cannon wanted to win the game was a certainty to a player like Ingram. To the amazement of the company, for the first time in the game, he played to pot the red in the top pocket.

Crooke, who had almost collapsed at the turn of the game, bent forward both hands on the arms of his chair, quivering with excitement. Surely Ingram's ill-luck still pursued him. The red ball rolled to the mouth of the pocket, stumbled from side to side in its jaws, and hung quivering on the very edge.

Crooke leaped up and came forward to the table, cue in hand, and Ingram went back as quickly to the seat he had left. There was actually a smile on his face as he sat down and leant forward with his hands on the arms

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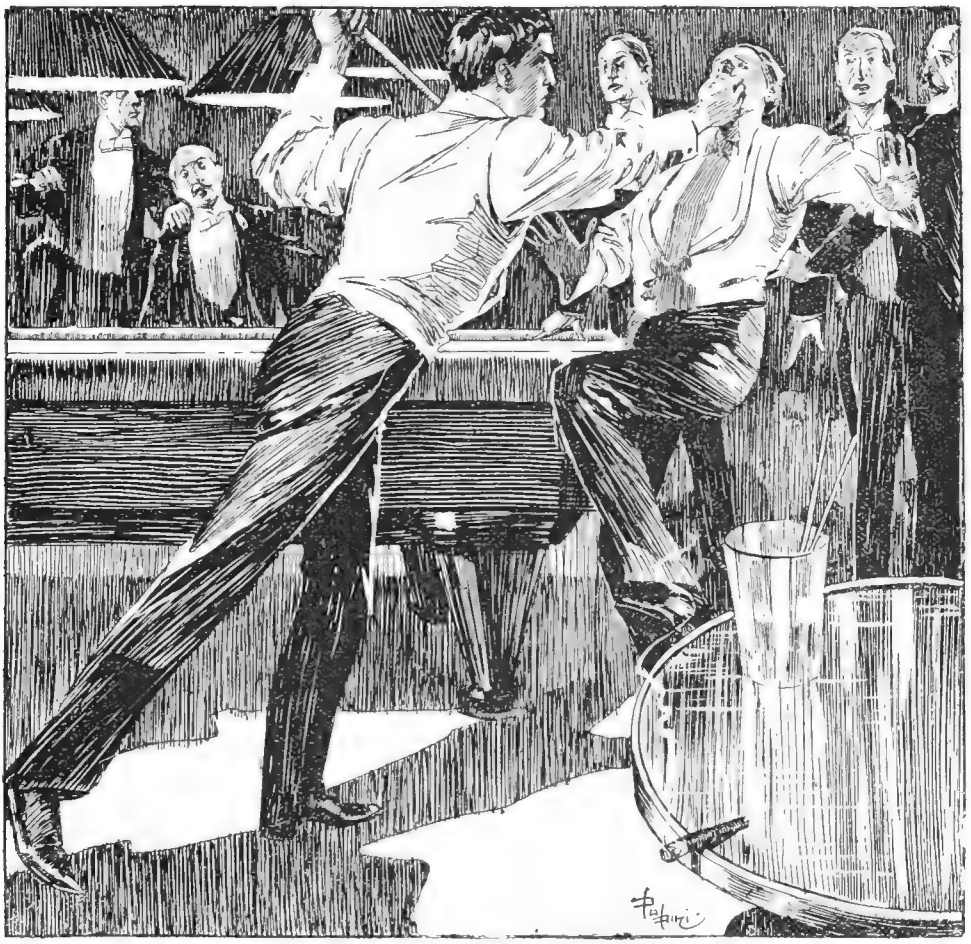

Ingram caught the descending blow with his left hand, and his right shot out at the same instant like a steam piston.

of the chair, yet to all intents and purposes he had lost the game and three thousand two hundred pounds. Crooke was two forty-four. The red ball lay right over the pocket, and his own straight behind it—an unmissable six shot.

He struck straight and fair with a full swing of his cue to ram them both down. But the red unaccountably sprang back from the open mouth of the pocket and kissed the ball aside that followed it.

There was the silence of sheer amazement in the room. Crooke stood stock-still, utterly dumfounded.

But Ingram who came quickly up behind as if he had anticipated the miss, played a brilliant hazard off the red into the self-same pocket and the game was over.

The loud burst of applause seemed to rouse Crooke to a sudden paroxysm of fury.

"Cheat!" he shouted, and swung the heavy butt of his cue into the air. It touched the edge of one of the precious opal lamp shades and shivered it to pieces. But Ingram caught the descending blow with his left hand, and his right shot out at the same instant like a steam piston. It took Crooke on the point of the chin and he went down with a dull thud on the soft carpet and lay still.

There was a stir and tumult in the room. But Ingram quelled it with raised hand and voice.

"Quietly, gentlemen!" he said, "he is but stunned. He has got less than he

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deserved when he called me by his own name."

He touched the prostrate body contemptuously with the shining tip of his patent leather shoe as he spoke. "He is a cheat, a trickster, a swindler. His table is a man trap. Will some of you kindly examine the cloth in front of the top pocket?"

With that Ingram stepped back deliberately and sat down in Crooke's chair. Half a dozen of the guests crowded to the top of the table, Kit Fowler foremost amongst them. He rubbed his hand backwards and forwards in front of the pocket.

"There is nothing here!" he cried insolently; "it is all a—oh!"

A sharp cry of pain chopped the sentence in two. As he snatched his hand hastily away there was a growing bead of blood on the ball of his thumb. A thin needle of steel, fine as a hair, and invisible a few feet away, had started up through the cushion at the neck of the passage and sentinelled the pocket.

The men who had all been swindled in their turn, crowded eagerly over each other's shoulders to look and feel, muttering curses.

"An ingenious trick, gentlemen," Ingram went on coolly, "and very simple—when you know it. It is worked by an electric button let into the handle of the chair. I found it out during the last game and played it off against the author."

At this moment Crooke staggered to his feet, still looking dazed and stunned. Ingram turned to him with elaborate courtesy. "You were quite right, Mr. Crooke," he said suavely, "and I was quite wrong. It is essential to know your table and your man. I won't intrude further as you may wish to offer some explanations to your friends. Come, Lambkin!"

As the two went out into the lamp-lit streets, Lambkin said contritely:

"Well, you know, Bob, I'm glad you didn't listen to my persuasions!"

NEVER SAY DIE.

THERE'S a story told of a knight of old,
When knights were daring and hearts were bold,
Who galloped to woo a lady fair,
All in the summer morning air;
Now lovers a score, or even more,
Were wooing this lady fair of yore,
But the bold knight's steed as he galloped along,
Sang to his sturdy heart this song!—
Never say die—never say die—
Do your best and the world defy—
Gallop along
Sturdy and strong,
Never, never say die!

This sturdy knight had ridden to woo
Halfway, when his good steed cast a shoe;
Sir Hugo, who lands and gold had got,
Went ambling by at an easy trot.
A knight, who a thorough-bred mare bestrode,
Went prancing past him on the road;
But still that bold knight jogged along,
And his heart kept time to the sturdy song.
Never say die—never say die—
Do your best and the world defy—
Gallop along
Sturdy and strong,
Never, never say die!

Though last, he was first, for times declare,
He won and wedded that lady fair;
And knight and lady are long since dust,
But his knightly spirit still lives, I trust!
So whether for glory or fame you ride,
To win renown or a dainty bride,
Remember the knight of times gone by,
Whatever befall you, never say die!
Never say die—never say die—
Do your best and the world defy—
Gallop along
Sturdy and strong,
Never—never say die!

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

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Batting, fielding, or bowling, W. G. always fills up his spare moments with a tug at his beard.

OUR CRICKETERS' CRANKS.

By John Jones.

Illustrated by Frank Gillett.

Ranjitsinhji always wears his white silk sleeves fastened at the wrist.

A tall, lithe figure with a very dark, pleasant, roundish face, runs lightly down the pavilion steps, his white silk cricket-shirt fluttering and shimmering in the wind and sun, the sleeves fastened at the wrist; and with long, easy, graceful strides swings itself across to the wickets. Who should this be but Prince Ranjitsinhji?

A big, burly figure, with keen brown eyes, and a long, black beard, just showing a suspicion of white in the middle, comes ponderously from the pavilion, surveying men with a monarch's glance. Ever and anon his hand goes to stroke the great beard. In due course his measured tread brings him to the wicket. He lifts a bail from the wickets' tops, stoops to mark very carefully a line on the ground, removes all particles of dust from the bail, and as carefully replaces it. He straightens his back, glances all round him, strokes his beard, and, in his own good time, faces the bowler. Who could this be but the great Grace?

The unfailing eccentricities of two of the most popular men in the world as they go forth to bat for their counties have been faithfully set out. The Indian Prince *always* runs lightly down the pavilion steps, *always* wears a silk shirt which flutters at the slightest breath of wind, and *always* wears his sleeves fastened at the wrists—a fashion adopted by hardly another cricketer in England. W. G. Grace is for ever stroking his beard—when at the wicket, as he watches a well-placed cut skimming to the boundary—when in the field as he changes a few words with one of the batsmen or fielders. And he always removes a bail to mark a little line on the batting-crease, and always carefully shakes off the dust as he replaces it.

Bobby Abel marching to fresh triumphs.

Every cricketer has his eccentricity; an eccentricity well known to every cricket devotee, who looks for it, who would be disappointed if it were not apparent on any occasion. Some cricketers have only one eccentricity, others, like Ranjitsinhji and Grace, have two or three—Abel probably holds the record.

I can call to mind five distinct eccentricities of Bobby Abel—little habits that he has formed, that you may notice every time when he goes to

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Jephson lobs. A special side-view.

the wickets. First of all comes his curious trick of pulling at the knee-flaps of his pads as he leaves the pavilion to bat. Secondly, he has a strong partiality for pulling his cap over his left eye. In the third place none is so fond of sitting on his bat as little Bobby Abel. Fourthly, just when he is about to receive a ball, he delivers, with his bat, a series of quick little taps to his block. Fifthly and finally, he plays imaginary balls.

This is a very noticeable eccentricity. Abel is always trying to improve his cricket. He plays with his brains, thinking out the why and the wherefore of everything. If he should miscalculate a stroke, he will play it over again, and you may often see him, in his dressing-room, in the cricket pavilions, wherever a bat is likely to come to his hand, playing imaginary balls, making imaginary masterstrokes.

J. T. Hearne likes a nice thick sole.

Some men's eccentricities are most noticeable when they are marching out to bat—others, when they are marching in at the end of their innings. Watch Jephson as he goes to the wickets, pulling on his gloves, with bat under arm. In nine cases out of ten you shall see him turn his head as though looking round at a clock.

Or J. T. Hearne—on emerging from the dressing-room, first he touches his cap, then he pulls up his pads, finally heaving up his trousers, sailor fashion, in the course of his progress across the ground. He also wears unusually thick soles to his shoes. Hearne may always be recognised by these eccentricities.

Hayward on his return journey from the wickets. He runs half the way, and then walks slowly, fanning himself with his large hat.

Hayward is the possessor of two eccentricities, the one apparent on his outward journey to the wickets, the other on the return journey. When outward bound, he wags his head. His head, indeed, appears to be on wires, and sways from side to side in a manner quite alarming. When homeward bound, especially after a good innings, he will run at speed for exactly half the distance from the wicket to the pavilion—the remainder he walks slowly, fanning himself with his hat.

Noticeable voices, and curious ways of using them, are the outstanding eccentricities of Lord Hawke and Gunn. Anyone who has played with Lord Hawke can always tell by his voice when the old Yorkshire captain feels in good form. Having made a few runs, and settled down to the bowling, he begins to call to his partner with a beautiful, silver, tenor note — a sound full of encouragement and inspiration to the partner. Gunn, on the other hand, has a brazen, bass voice, and when the giant gives full play to his

C. L. Townsend: "O, please don't look at me. You make me so dreadfully nervous!"

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Sammy Woods has a rooted objection to wearing a cap.

lungs in declining to run, the air reverberates.

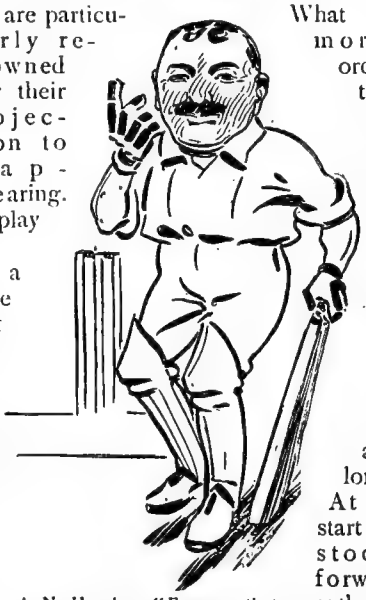
Most cricketers have some little eccentricity in the way of dress. One wears a curious hat, another a strange cap, and many are eccentric by reason of wearing no cap at all, whatever the heat of the sun. S. M. J. Woods and A. N. Hornby are particularly renowned for their objection to cap-wearing. Whatever the weather, they play bare-headed.

Sammy Woods used to have a very peculiar notion that he could not get runs if he went in to bat No. 6 on the list. One day, however, he went in No. 6 by mistake, and scored a century. From that day to this he has been eccentric in his high regard for the position of sixth batsman in the list, and he goes in sixth man whenever he can arrange to do so.

Mr. Hornby also possesses a second eccentricity. He will stand at the wickets with his bat almost behind his right leg, and once, owing to this habit, he was actually bowled without so much as playing at the fatal ball, his bat having in some way become caught in the straps of his pad.

One other eccentricity in common is shared by Woods and Hornby—each delight in stealing runs in the most outrageous manner.

Lord Harris used to have a very curious dress eccentricity—he always played in a stick-up collar. L. C. H. Palairet is almost certain to be seen with a handkerchief around his neck even on a warm day. Both Mason and Trott have a confirmed habit of pulling their caps over their eyes when batting.



A. N. Hornby: "Easy one that, Albert!" His great delight is to steal a run.

It is amusing to watch Mason's cap eccentricities when he is bowling. At the beginning of nearly every over, he carefully takes off his cap and hands it to the umpire; and at the end of the over he nearly always reclaims his property, and adjusts it in its proper place! Yet I have never seen him with his hair otherwise than beautifully smooth, or with the parting in the least disturbed.

To the eccentricities of bowlers there is no end. What could be more extraordinary than the great, wild cat-like spring into the air which Lockwood executes as he delivers the ball? Watching him, one trembles lest he shall come to ground with his body knotted. Very striking are W. M. Bradley's bowling eccentricities. He takes a very long run. At the start he stoops forward, as though to gather way. Approaching the wicket he takes two or three enormous strides, in a peculiar fashion, as though he were skating, and finally he delivers the ball, at a tremendous pace, from his full height. The crouch, the rush, the delivery from high in the air, may well, as they do, strike terror to the nervous batsman's heart.

An eccentricity of Lord Harris. He always played in a stick-up collar.

No matter how warm the day, Palairet is certain to have a handkerchief round his neck.

Google

J. R. Mason. When batting he keeps his cap on his head. When bowling he hands it to the umpire, and, at the end of every over, adjusts it in its proper place.

A contrast is the eccentric bowling of F. S. Jackson. He has never been known to run up to the wicket to bowl. Rather, he lounges up, walking with easy, graceful strides, as though he were going to send down a very slow ball. But the batsman who expects a slow ball will be surprised.

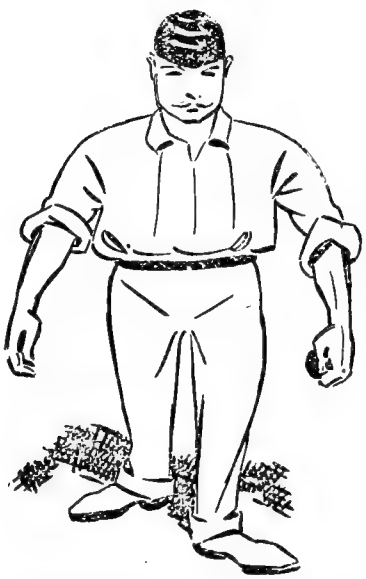
When Jackson is batting, and makes a big score, another odd eccentricity becomes apparent, for in this case he is almost certain to have several bats brought out to him from the pavilion, seeming never to be satisfied, even though he is making beautiful strokes.

If you look at C. M. Wells as he starts to bowl, you will see that he always holds the ball in his left hand, changing it to the right hand on his way to the wicket. Townsend, though he bats with his left hand, bowls with his right, and comes up to the wicket with a rolling gait, and an exceptionally long stride. Rhodes bowls "left," and bats "right." At the end of an over he always puts his left hand in his pocket.

The terror of the nervous batsman. W. M. Bradley on the point of delivering a ball.

Walter Mead, who has done so much for Essex, has a curious habit, when he starts to bowl, of changing step. Often, after starting his run to the wickets with one or two short steps, he will change step several times before he delivers the ball—a habit very disconcerting to many batsmen. C. B. Fry also suffers from an extraordinary inability to get into step.

But, perhaps, none bowled in a more eccentric manner than poor Briggs. His eccentricity was apparent *after* he had delivered the ball. Then he always remained for a second or two in the position in which he was in when the ball left his hand, his arm still outstretched, and an amazed expression on his face, as though overcome by surprise that the ball did not take a wicket. Briggs always made the people laugh.



C. M. Wells. He always holds his ball in his left hand on the way to the wicket.

Sir T. C. O'Brien used to have an eccentric, eager way of seizing upon the ball directly a wicket fell, and practising to bowl vigorously with either hand, in the interval pending the next batsman's arrival. F. H. E. Cunliffe, who bowled so well for Oxford two or three years ago, was also remarkable for his eagerness. With arm outstretched, he would always walk some little way towards a fielder about to return him the ball.

C. B. Fry: "Just a moment, sir. I should like to interview you while they are crossing over."

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Characteristic action of Johnny Briggs.

And every cricketer who plays to any extent develops some little eccentricity when batting. Jessop, "the hurricane hitter," always crouches low after taking his guard, holding the bat handle with his right hand close to the shoulder blade, and with his left at the extreme top. He has a curious habit which the spectators can hardly notice, of clasping and unclasping his hands about the handle of the bat as he waits for the ball. A. J. Webbe, too, has a funny trick of holding his hands quite high on the bat handle, almost until the ball leaves the bowler's hand—when down they go with a jerk to the very bottom of the handle.

Lockwood's guard is slightly eccentric. With the bottom of his bat on the crease, he sways the handle to and from him continually. Trott uses a very heavy bat. Fry stands remarkably upright. Whenever beaten by a ball he has a tendency to stroke his nose!

Storer's legs from the knees downwards have an outward tendency.

When fielding, too, many cricketers have their funny little tricks. Witness R. E. Foster's eccentric method of pulling up his trousers when fielding at slip. He stoops to take a good grip of them below the knees with both hands, and then jerks them far upward with great vigour, so that a liberal expanse of black socks comes into view. One who has ever noticed this little performance would be sorry to miss it when watching Foster field. For sometimes even cricket is monotonous, and it is when the batsmen are "blocking" the balls—playing only to save their wickets—and when the only people who seem to be exerting themselves are the bowlers, that such quaint little peculiarities of the players become fascinating. A character reader may find food for thought even in a cricketer's manner of pulling up his trousers.

This man takes thought of appearances—he adjusts his garments to the best effect with as much care as a grand lady disposes her skirts. That one is so superb in himself that he troubles nothing about his clothes. Here's a man of taste in dress—there's one who always disgraces his tailor, even in cricket flannels. Ladies in the pavilions often find the eccentricities of cricketers, as regards their clothes, of more interest than the cricket.

Watch P. F. Warner as he goes out to bat, and you will see his left hand go towards the buckle of his trousers, to give them a little hitch. This little habit, one might say, is not worth noticing; but when you observe that it is repeated more than a hundred times in the course of the scoring of a century, you begin to take an interest in it.

How Jessop frightens the bowler. He crouches low like some vast reptile ready to spring.

Sherwin's method of keeping wicket used to attract wide attention. He would stoop slightly as the bowler was about to deliver the ball, and then suddenly drop down into a sitting position, at the same time opening his arms wide, ready to take the ball on either side.

The wild cat-like spring of Lockwood.

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Trott always pulls his hat well over his eyes.

It is always fascinating to watch the movements of a first-class wicket-keeper. Possibly the wicket-keeper's position calls for more quickness of eye and hand than is necessary in any other place in the field. The expression of a wicket-keeper's face, seen from close quarters, or through a pair of glasses, is a worthy subject of study.

Storer wicket-keeping is a fascinating sight, as he stands, with his head far forward, a stern, eager, strained expression on his face, his arms held almost straight downwards, his hands a little apart, just inside his knees. From his knees downwards his legs have an outward tendency, not unhumorous.

A famous wicket-keeper with a little eccentricity is MacGregor; but it is when he is going in to bat that it becomes apparent, for he is almost certain to be seen then, with his left arm close against his side, and bent double at the elbow. This is one of those minute peculiarities that only become apparent when pointed out.

R. E. Foster is continually pulling up his trousers at the knee.

When asked what was the outstanding eccentricity of K. J. Key, the old Surrey captain, one of his friends declared it to lie in the fact that he had no eccentricity. But I question whether there is any cricketer alive who does not possess some peculiarity entirely his own. A microscopical examination of Mr. Key in the field revealed to me the fact that when stationed at mid-on—and he seldom fields elsewhere—he has a funny little trick of returning the ball to the wicket-keeper, instead of just tossing it to the bowler, as most fieldsmen would do, when there was no prospect of taking a wicket.

But Key is always alive to the chance of taking a batsman off his guard. He has an eternal hope that some misguided batsman, after seeing him safely field a ball, may leave his ground to pat the pitch, never dreaming of danger until the next ball is bowled, and, therefore, he always prepares for this contingency by returning the ball to the wicket-keeper, on the off-chance that the batsman may be stumped.

A. Mold: "Dost call that a throw, laad?"

Key is reputed to be very superstitious. There is a story which tells how, after he had made 143 against Cambridge, in the Inter-University match, he was careful to have the shirt in which he

K. J. Key: His eccentricity is that he has no eccentricity.

Google

W. G. Quaife: "Don't bowl fast. I'm so very small."

batted put on one side, so that he might be sure of playing in it in the event of his taking part in another University match in the following year. Most cricketers have their superstitions.

One of the most ludicrous eccentricities I have ever noticed on the cricket field is the property of G. J. V. Weigall. If some player on an opposing side, whom he has never seen before, comes in to bat, Weigall will coolly proceed to walk around him, endeavouring to observe him from every possible point of view. His critical study of a new player is a highly amusing performance to those who happen to notice it; it is done in the same way as the old schoolboy takes in the points of the new boy.

"O Tom, Tom! This will never do!"

And there is Mold. His is an eccentricity of style. Was there ever such a bowler seen upon earth? His action, as he sends the ball hurtling, the grimmest determination on his dark face, has in it a touch of a windmill in full blast—a windmill whirling its arms under pressure of a hurricane. Once, at the Oval, he sent down a ball with such force, that when it hit the wicket the bails went flying for a distance of fifty-six yards.

Mold, of course, has given the umpires some uneasiness as to the legitimacy of his delivery; and in the recent outcry on the subject of throwing he received no little attention. But still he does execution for his county—and this year, at any rate, his action has been beyond criticism. "Dost call that a throw, laad?" one seems to hear him saying in broad Lancashire, in tones of defiance as the ball goes from him.

Some men's eccentricities lie not in dress or habits, but in their own persons. Gunn's great length of body sets him apart from all, and his manner of moving it is wonderful to see as he chases a well-smitten ball, catching it up in a style all his own without checking speed.

Gunn is the giant of the cricket world, and Quaife—"W. G., Junior"—the dwarf. He is the shortest first-class cricketer, and is renowned also for his patience. It is a pleasure to see him on the cricket field, for his presence adds not a little to the humours of the great game.

Weird action of Jack Brown.

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The Lady Mar-jorie

By Athol Forbes.

"Your ancestors seem to have been rather fine specimens of their race," I remarked to my host who was, with perhaps a pardonable pride, showing me over his place, to which he had just succeeded.

"Is that meant as a cut at the present generation of the Tempests?" he asked with good humour.

"Dick, you always were conceited, but you surely cannot have the audacity to fish for my compliments. I know you too well," I replied.

He laughed. "Come this way. What do you think of that?" and he indicated a fine painting that had the extra advantage of being in a good light.

"That is a remarkable portrait, I should say of a remarkable person, too. She was one who played a part—a leading part in the history of her times, if my estimate be accurate," I ventured to say.

"Yes: her story is an interesting one," he remarked. "I wonder if you could guess it; you used to be fond of reading characters when we were at Oriel."

"Her face has the stamp of the troublous times in which she lived, and there is a tragedy in her life. That fearful look in the eyes conceals a bit of history that I would like to know."

So life-like was the portrait that one almost expected her to make a movement that I felt would be fearful and timid.

"Come and look at the others," said my host.

But the pale, stiff ladies, in equally stiff lace, holding roses in their hands, wearing the same identical necklaces, side by side with stern-looking heroes in armour with proud arching eyebrows, high cheek-bones and gaunt features, had no interest for me compared with the tragic face of the portrait to which my attention had at first been drawn.

"After dinner I will tell you her story, or you can read it for yourself. Strange to say, my father or grandfather, I forget which, is indebted to the Dentons of Cragside for the narrative, although in our own records we have it in part. My forbears were Cavaliers, as you will understand — the Dentons of Cragside were Roundheads, and bitter enemies of my people. It is only within the present century that they have agreed to bury the old animosity, and when a formal reconciliation took place, the grandfather of the present baronet allowed us to have a copy of the remarkable story. However, here's your room. The first bell will ring in a few minutes, and the second a quarter of an hour later."

While I dressed, the tragic impersonation of this trembling lady of the past, depicted by some unknown artist, kept recurring to my memory. There were the marks of a great mental strain, that told of a psychological crisis in her life.

"Now, Dick, I am anxious to hear the story of the lady of mystery," I said as soon as dessert was on the table. "A cigar and the precious record you have to show me, are what I desire most now."

"Come along then. I am more anxious for a smoke than this. Bring the coffee and liqueurs into the library," he said to the old butler.

"Here you are!" and my friend, Sir Richard Tempest, handed me a folded parchment. "Of course, you know this is only a copy."

I nodded, and eagerly opened the document. This narrative I now reproduce with but few alterations, and they are chiefly in the spelling:—

"For the enlightenment of the generations

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to come, who may unwittingly misjudge me as the present one has done, I, Thomas Justice Denton, of Cragside, in the hundred of Creykeland, in the shire of York, do hereby sincerely, really, and constantly assert that the following facts are true, without exaggeration or any additions introduced to palliate or excuse myself, or to question, weaken or deprecate the judgment of my Lord Cromwell, who has thought fit to dismiss me from the forces of the Parliament.

"On the 29th day of June, in the year of grace 1644, three days before the battle of the Moor at Marston, when the following of Baal fell before us as hay before the sickle, I was summoned to the tent of my Lord Cromwell.

"'You have careful knowledge of this part of the country?' was the first question he put to me, to which I replied that I was born within ten miles of where we stood.

"'Good!' he said. 'I hear that Charles Tempest, of Rupert's Horse, is at this moment within our lines, and but an hour ago entered the grounds of Marston Manor—no doubt to visit his wife. You will take ten troopers and bring him here prisoner. He must not escape. Remember this service is an important one. Have a care.'

"I bowed and retired. My men, I found, were ready mounted by the order of the Protector, who never forgot anything, and we trotted off in the direction of Marston Manor.

"I confess I did not like this duty, for in happier times the old Hall had often welcomed me to its generous hospitality. However, I thought of Saul's sin in sparing Agag whom he was bidden to slay, which thought gave me good heart for my duty.

"It was night when we drew rein at the door, and darker than usual for the time of year. I posted my men so as to command all avenues of escape; then I summoned those within the house. The door was opened by an old man I knew well, whose face blanched at the sight of me, yet somehow, methinks he knew who had alarmed the house, and expected me. Without a word he conducted me to the large dining-hall, while he announced me to her ladyship.

"Now I had not seen the Lady Marjorie Tempest, for I was away, fighting in the Lowlands, when the heir took unto himself a wife. I had not waited long before the door was opened to admit her. I bowed with all deference to show that I was not of the common folk so numerous in the Parliamentary forces.

"'Your pleasure?' she demanded, somewhat imperiously.

"'Is Sir Charles Tempest of Prince Rupert's Horse in this house, madame?'

"'He is,' she answered promptly, and I admit to my surprise.

"Then it was that I ventured to look at the

"I bowed with all due deference to show that I was not of the common folk."

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face of the woman who dared to tell the truth in spite of consequences.

"'It is my painful duty to arrest him by the order of my Lord Protector Cromwell,' I said.

"She did not wince. 'Yes, I feared that. I will conduct you to Sir Charles. Be good enough to follow me.'

"'Madame, I have ten men posted round this house,' I was beginning to say, when she turned upon me with an angry light in her eyes:

"'Sir,' she cried, 'if you are afraid of treachery, summon as many of your men as you desire—as many as you think sufficient to arrest one man, and I will conduct them gladly to the presence of my husband.'

"I felt stupid, so I merely bowed and signified to her by gesture that I desired no such escort. At the top of the staircase she turned to me, making a gesture of silence. As she softly entered the room, a man in the garb of a Romish priest got up from his knees with the intention of brushing past me, but I bade him stay until I had satisfied myself that it was not the man I wanted. Indeed, I recognised him as a former curate of the village near the Moor of Marston. This I did to show her ladyship that I meant to do my duty.

"The room I knew well, for as a boy I had many times played hide-and-seek in it. In the dim light I readily recognised the furniture, which appeared to be little altered. There was the great Elizabethan oak bed with its huge canopy.

"While I peered into the dark recesses, my lady called me to the bedside. I crossed the room, treading softly, for a certain vague fear possessed me.

"'There is Sir Charles,' she said, as she reached for his hand and clasped it in her own. 'He is dying from this wound,' and she pointed to blood-stained cloths on his shoulder. 'A power greater than that of him whose hireling you are, has arrested him. You can drag him from his bed, but his soul will soon be released.'

"I bent my head and heeded not her wild words.

"'Do you know me?' I asked of the patient.

"There was a movement of the lips, but her ladyship was upon me instantly. It was only a look, but I could not disturb Sir Charles after that.

"'He shall die in peace,' I said, 'unless it please God to spare him, when I must do my duty.'

"While I was speaking, two men entered the room with a couch.

"'It is for you,' said her ladyship, as I looked inquiringly at it.

"'I do not wish to remain in this room,' I said.

"'He could only escape by passing through this door. You know the house; shall we put the couch just outside?' was her immediate answer.'

"I bowed, and as I retired, she sank down on her knees and sobbed.

"In spite of her grief, she had not forgotten the old hospitality, for the two servants brought a table which they speedily filled with good cheer. I was not suspicious, but I resolved not to touch the wine for fear of accident. The silver and the delicate linen were in striking contrast to our rough camp fare, and the love of luxury within me seemed to be kindled into life and activity again.

"Presently the Papist re-entered, with various articles of the priestly craft. The Lady Marjorie came out and asked me whether I cared to join in the service, but I shook my head, at the same time taking care not to show my contempt for such Popish ways.

"Determined to keep awake, I called up two of my men, all of whom had fared sumptuously, and we read the Scriptures together and sang a psalm, but softly so as not to disturb the dying man. The remainder of my troopers I directed to seek their rest, deeming three of us ample to guard one dying man.

"It was towards four in the morning when the door opened and the priest came out.

"'Sir Charles is gone,' he said in a whisper.

"'I must see him,' was my reply.

"Again I entered. The Lady Majorie had thrown herself upon the bed. I placed my hand on the brow of the deceased baronet. It was cold and clammy, and in spite of it being a warm summer's morning, I shivered. I addressed myself to the bereaved one and the Lady Marjorie raised herself, took my hand and murmured some gentle words of thanks that I could not altogether catch, but they were sweet words, like music played very softly.

"Outside, I saw the priest, who begged me to stay for the funeral. This relieved me of a serious responsibility that I could not have insisted upon save at the expense of their feelings, for I wished to be able to report that I had seen him buried.

"'The funeral will be at eight,' said the priest.

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"'So soon? It will suit me,' was my response, 'and I am truly sorry for the Lady Marjorie. However, the discipline of this world demands sacrifices as a necessary part of our training.'

"I walked up and down the terrace until the time appointed for the burial, pondering over the events of the last few hours, and thinking over the Lady Marjorie's great trouble, when there was the rustle of a dress, and she stood before me. She placed her hand on my arm, and I could hear the beating of her heart.

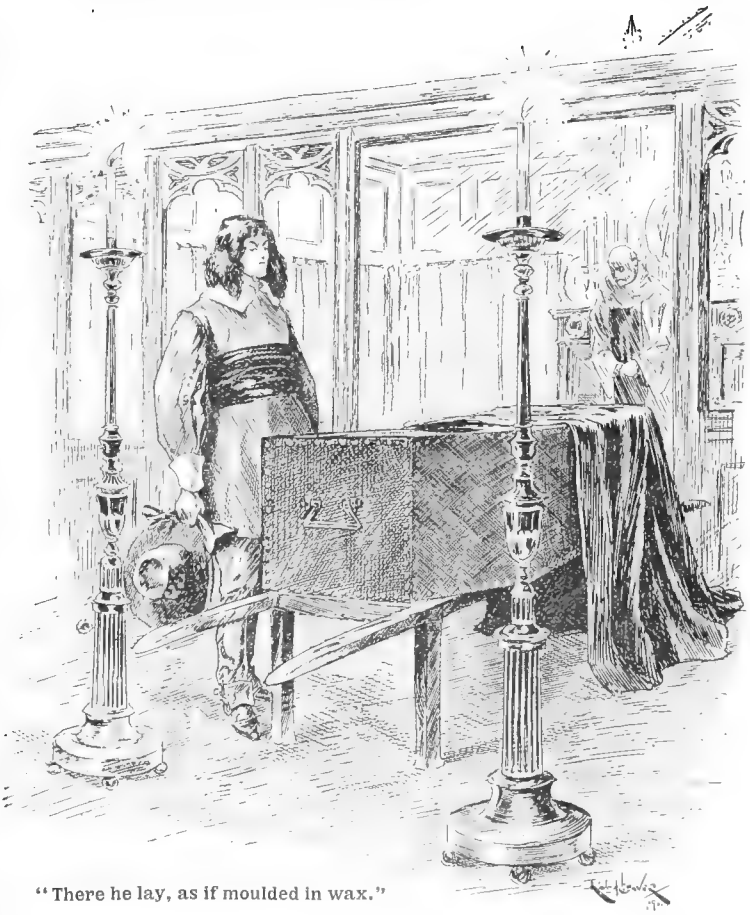
"'You will stay until it is over,' she said at length with some effort.

"I bowed.

"'And your men?'

"'They shall attend, to do honour to a brave man.'

"I begged her permission to give the order for this. I explained to my troopers that we must not lose sight of the body until it was buried in the ground. I knew they would not go into the Popish chapel, but I gave orders that the doors must remain open, for I had my duty to do. I mention all this to show how my commission was executed.



"There he lay, as if moulded in wax."

"No sooner had I given these instructions, than the sad burden appeared, reverently carried by four men servants. I gave the Lady Marjorie my arm, and with measured tread, my men and the domestics of the Hall followed with downcast eyes.

"Now, giving the impression that I wanted one last look at the face of my dead friend, I stepped out into the chancel and removed the death-cloth from his face. There he lay, as if moulded in wax. I replaced the covering gently, and stole away to my lady's side again.

"The service was somewhat longer than usual, because every minute or so the priest seemed to break down as if overcome with emotion. But at last all was over. We waited until the grave was filled in, then we trotted back to camp, and I made my report.

"My Lord Cromwell questioned me sharply on all the details; particularly did he inquire as to the actual burial. To all these questions I replied truthfully; the Lord Protector did not seem satisfied, but he must needs examine the troopers who accompanied me.

"Two days afterwards, the bloody fight of Marston Moor took place. In the evening of that memorable day a message came directing me to appear at once before my Lord Cromwell. The Protector, dusty and blood-stained, was in a great passion of temper, and there was a bruise on the left side of his head.

"'This day I have been hurled from my horse by a traitor whom I sent you to arrest.' He spoke slowly as if suffering from great exhaustion. 'What is your explanation of this neglect of duty?'

"'Not Sir Charles Tempest?' I replied.

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"'By Sir Charles Tempest of Rupert's Horse I was violently hurled to the ground, and only escaped death by a vigorous charge of my own Ironsides.'

"For a few seconds I remained dumb at this announcement, thinking that my Lord Cromwell's mind had given way under the great strain of the last few days.

"'Your sword,' he demanded.

"I handed it over, believing that I was in some hideous dream from which I should presently awake, or that Cromwell was really mad.

"'Leave my presence, traitor. It is because I believe it to be that the Lady Marjorie has bewitched you, that I do not have you shot. Go!'"

* * * *

"This is a true and faithful account of why I left the service of the Parliament. My Lord Cromwell must have seen an apparition, for I do assert again that I saw Sir Charles Tempest lying dead, and that same man I saw buried, and in confirmation of which I place my name and seal."

* * * *

"What do you think of that?" asked my host.

"It is all very mysterious. The narrative is by an honest man," I said.

"Yet we have absolute proof that Cromwell was right."

"You astonish me. Did Cromwell see a ghost?"

Instead of replying, he opened a drawer and took out a wax mask.

"This is the explanation. The Lady Marjorie and the priest made this mask long before it was required, to be ready in the case of pursuit or search. She was regularly visited by her husband, and this was the trick she thought out, with the aid of the chaplain. When Denton first entered the room, he certainly saw Sir Charles, but in the morning he merely saw the representation of him. It was a superb bit of acting on her part. Had she failed in it, the life of her husband was the penalty. Of course, the made-up figure was buried—this was proved by opening the grave in this century—and while the service was being held, Sir Charles escaped from under the bed. Mr. Thomas Justice Denton returned in disgust to Holland, where he rather distinguished himself as a soldier. Tradition says that the hair of the Lady Marjorie turned white during that night when she was called upon to play the part that meant life or death to the man she loved."

"Did she ever see her husband again?"

"Yes. What is more, she lived to a great age, but it is said she never looked a day older than the morning when she attended that strange service in our little chapel here—at least that is the story kept alive in the servants' hall."

"'Leave my presence, traitor. It is because I believe the Lady Marjorie has bewitched you that I do not have you shot.'"

Google

CAP AND BELLS

ELDERLY SUITOR: "I have spoken to your mother, Helen, and——"

HELEN: "Oh, I'm so glad. Did she accept you?"

* * * * *

A new game is played as follows:—A number sit round a table, and write on slips guesses about the weather "to-morrow." The one guessing right wins. Any number can play, as there is weather enough to go round.

* * * * *

VISITOR (to prisoner): "What brought you here?"

PRISONER: "Misplaced confidence."

VISITOR: "How was that?"

PRISONER: "I thought I could run faster than I could."

TO THOSE OF THE INNER CIRCLE.

Oh, Editors! your methods are inscrutable!
I fain would have a notion what is "Suitable."
Do you hunger for a sonnet
On an eyelash or a bonnet,
Or a skit upon the duties—not commutable?
An' you'd have a song of love,
I'd try and sing it you—
My ladyes' worn-out glove,
I'd gladly fling it you—
Oh! let me learn some day
What is "Suitable," I pray!
Though I'm certain you'll refuse it
When I bring it you.

* * * * *

A nicely sharpened lead pencil is the only thing in creation that defies the law of gravitation. The lighter end always strikes the floor first.

* * * * *

A man went into a Plymouth ironmonger's the other day and inquired: "How much do you ask for a bath tub for a child?"

"Fifteen shillings," was the reply.

"W-h-e-w," whistled the customer, "we'll have to keep on washing the baby in the coal-scuttle till prices come down."

Washing the baby.

Google

1. Rogers (blind and lame): "Thank you kindly!"

GOVERNESS: "What is a continent?" (dead silence) "Does no one know?"

JOHNNY (aged eight): "I know. It's a place where people go when they're married."

* * *

"Does smoking offend you?" asked a landlord of his newly arrived boarder.

"Not at all, sir."

"I'm very glad to hear it, as your chimney is given to the practice."

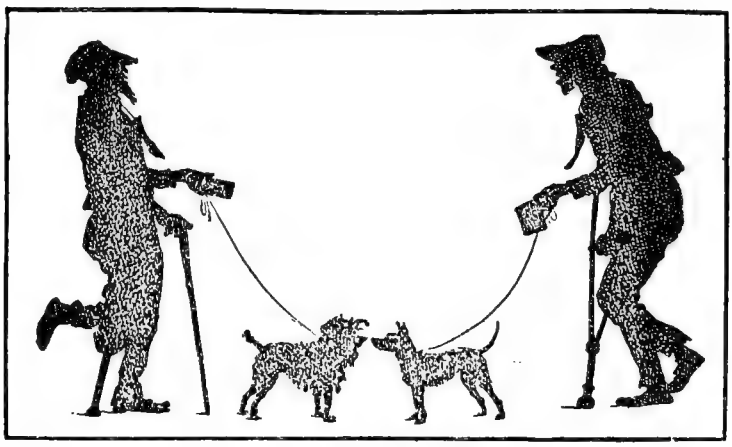
FOND MOTHER: "Is blowing a French horn likely to result in injury to my boy?"

DOCTOR: "You can wager it is, ma'am, if he blows it near us and we catch him."

* * *

PEDLAR (to peasant): "I have here two different almanacs from which you may choose. One of them contains the most holidays, but the other contains more good weather."

2. Podgers (lame and blind): "Heaven reward you, marm!"



3. Rogers: "Dear friends, I am blind and lame."
Podgers: "Dear friends, I am lame and blind."

"I say, Bill, who was Benjamin Disraeli?"

"Don't you know, stupid? He was the man who invented primroses."

* * *

SCOTCH TOURIST (to cabby, who has demanded an excess fare): "My card, mon! I ha'e na got a card; but I'll ha'e ye ken I'm a *MacIntosh*."

CABBY: "You may be a humbrella for all I knows; but my fare's eight'npence."

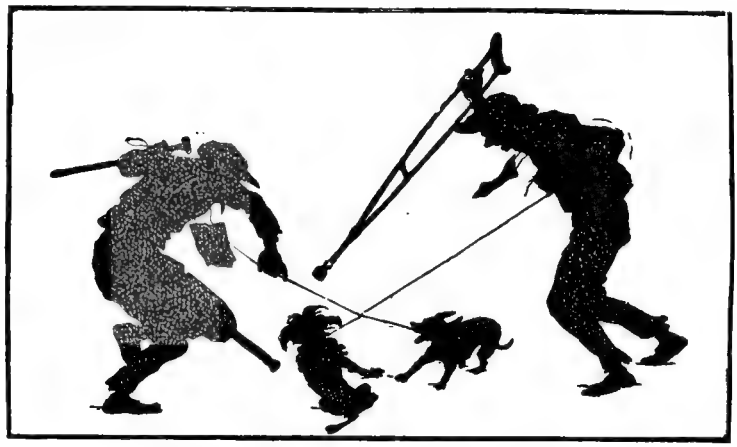
Google

M'Ginn (having borrowed ten shillings): "Oh, thank you! Words cannot repay you for this favour."

De Tim (dryly): "No, I don't think they can."

* * *

Some one says that the "happiest looking man is one who is not burdened with wealth." He evidently did not form his opinion from seeing a friend returning from the races.



4. Rogers: "Take your brute away, will you?"
Podgers: "I'll teach that dog of yours —!"

5. — ! ! ! ! ! ! ! —

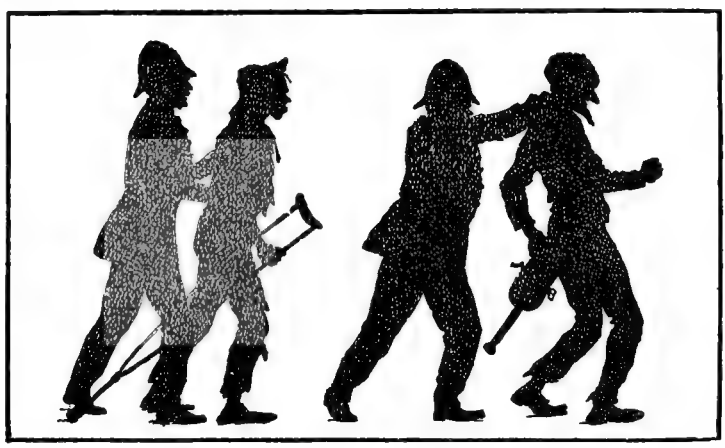
"The best thing I ever read!" exclaimed a book reviewer, as he perused his uncle's will and found that the sensible lamented had left him a snug bequest.

* * *

"I should have been named Reflection," groaned a battered tramp, as he tightened the belt round his hollow waist. "I find there is more food for reflection in this life than anything else."

Miss Carnegy, of Craigo, a Montrose belle of former days, disliked paying taxes, and always pretended to misunderstand their nature. One day, receiving a notice of such payment signed by the provost, she broke out and said:

"I dinna understand the taxes; but I just think that when the provost's wife wants a new gown her man sends me a tax-paper!"



6. And the lame walk and the blind see!

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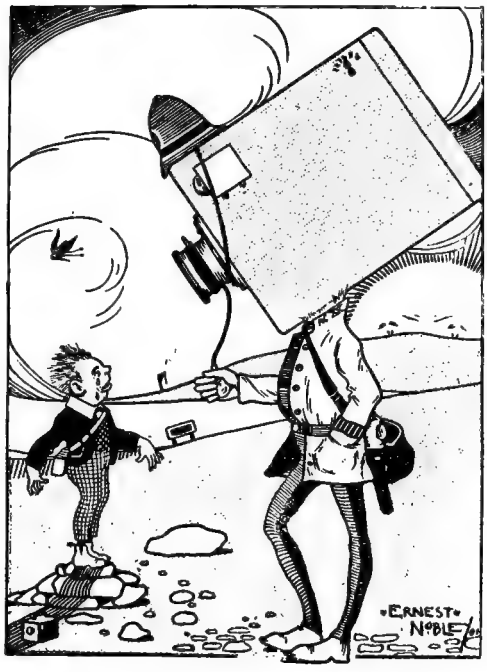


Mr. C. A. Mera: "It's no use crying, boy; I must take you!"

* * * * *

In a restaurant the other evening a waiter was apologising to a guest for the dilapidated state of his napkin.

"Don't mention it," said the customer sadly. "I don't mind the hole in the least, that part of your napkin is always sure to be clean."

* * * * *

A gentleman residing in the suburbs, and well known in the City, finding that his otherwise well-ordered household was without that indispensable article of modern civilisation known as a lemon-squeezer, and having tried for several days in vain to think to bring one down with him from town, finally directed his man to remind him of it on the following morning before his departure for the City. Standing on the doorstep after breakfast next day, and just as he was about to bid his wife his usual affectionate farewell, he heard, in stentorian tones from the region of the stable, the words, "Squeezer, sir!" The lady was startled, and it was well for the faithful domestic that his employer had only just time to catch the train; but there is now a lemon-squeezer of the latest pattern in the house.

* * * * *

A Cornish editor says he once partook of a beverage so very strong that he could not tell whether it was brandy or a torchlight procession that was going down his throat.

* * * * *

There is something wonderfully grand in the roar of thunder until you discover it has soured the last half pint of milk in the house.

* * * * *

Law-suits are not always expensive. About the cheapest suit a man can get into is the one worn in prison.

* * * * *

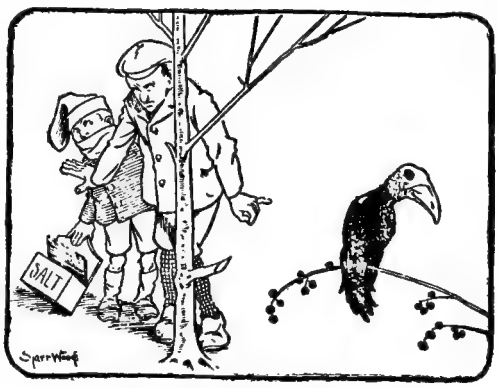
She: "I've no change."
He: "All right, my dear girl. Give me a kiss and we'll call it quits."

* * * * *

Charivari has a good story of a young French imitator of Jack Sheppard and Claud Duval. The boy was arrested with his band, and wept bitterly.

"Don't cry your eyes out," said his captor not unkindly. "It is not so terrible a matter the punishment for stealing a pocket handkerchief."

"But I was getting on so well," whimpered the boy; "I was highly thought of by my chief. I was just going to be promoted from prigging wipes to nobbling tickers."



S-sh! Go and hide behind another tree, and don't breathe, or he'll see you.

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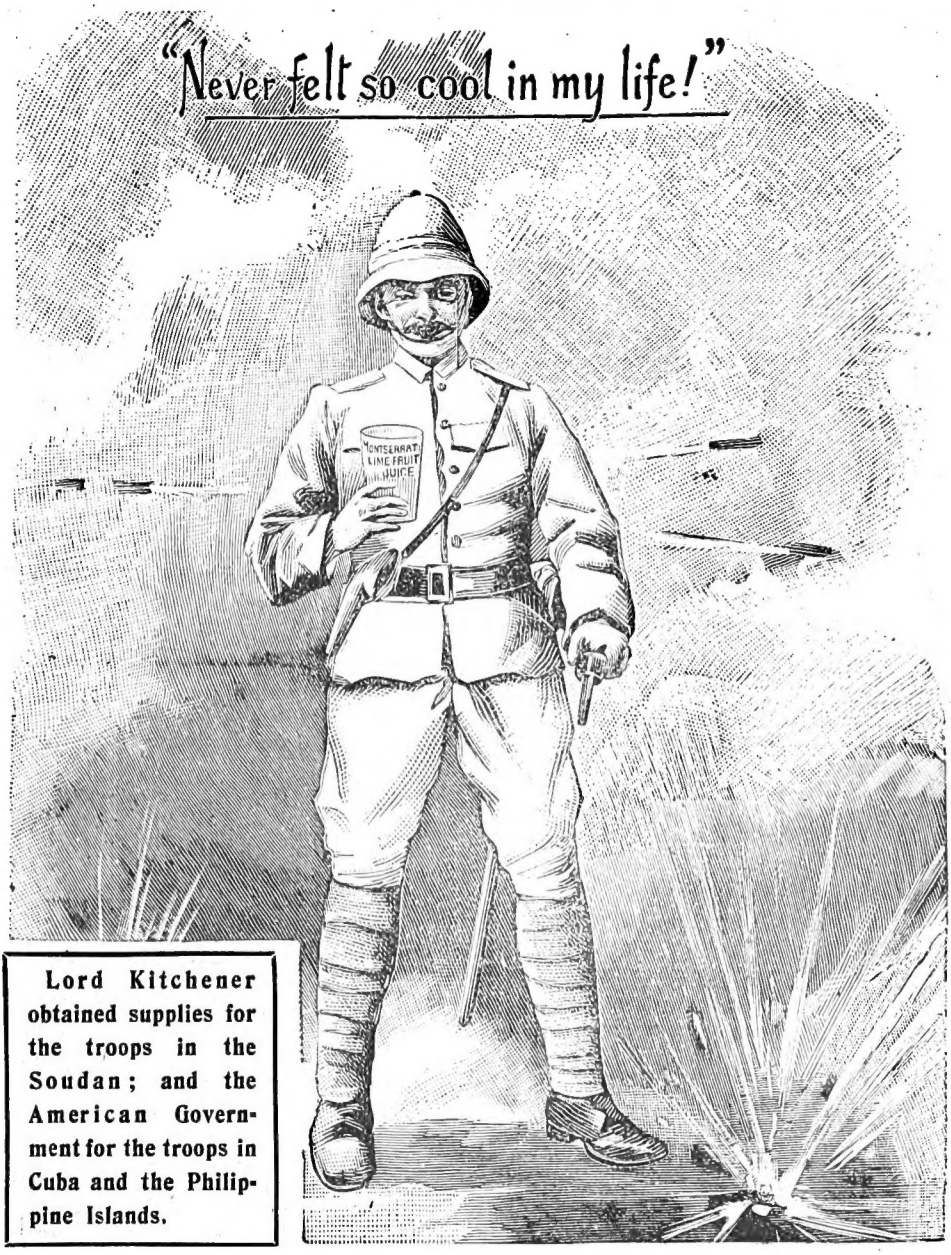

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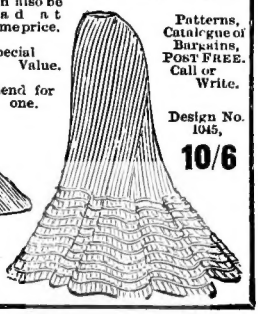

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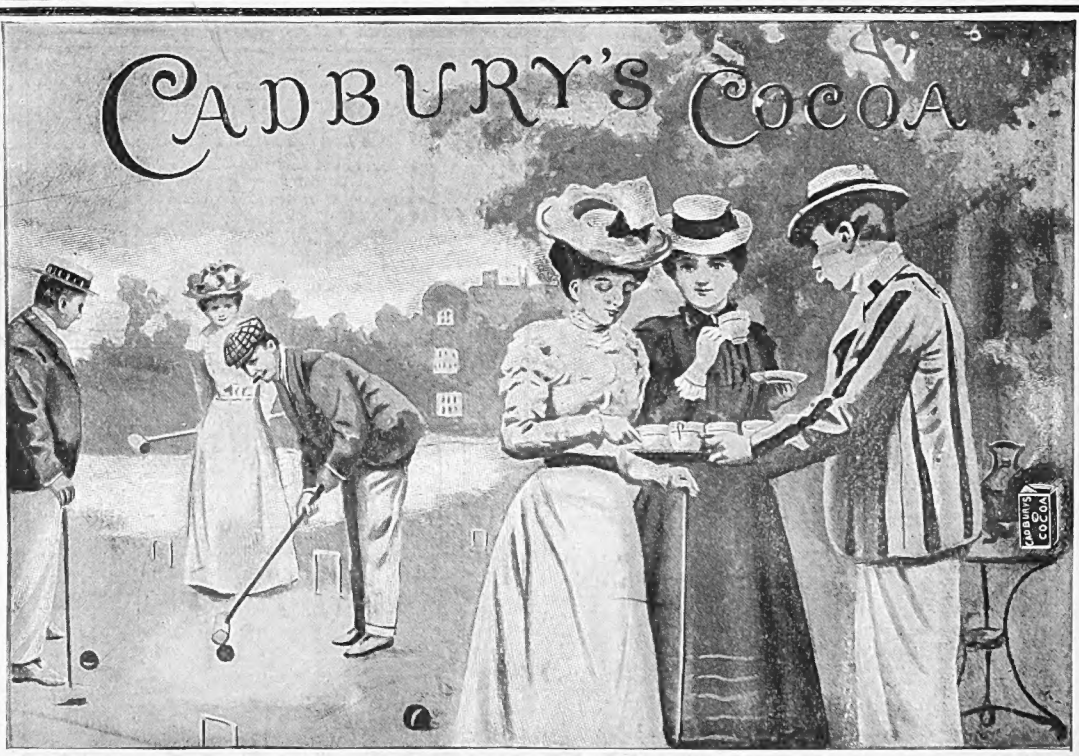

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